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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SATANIC PROPOSAL.

From Bennett's Herald.

IN the cotton States, on the other hand, slavery, after the exhaustion produced by the war, will be more necessary than ever, and the general prosperity, not only of those States but of the whole Union, will make it expedient that descendants of the African race should continue to cultivate the soil, and produce the cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco, which cause wealth to flow so largely into the United States. It should, therefore, be only so far interfered with, where its labor is productive, as the exigencies of warfare may require, and as may best contribute to the extinction of the unnatural rebellion that convulses the continent.

Of the million of voters in the slaveholding States, everyone knows that less than a third are actual possessors of slave property, and that among this minority are principally to be found those who have been most active in throwing off their allegiance to the Union, and instigating a destruction of our glorious nationality. The seven hundred thousand non-slaveholders, on the contrary, would mainly incline, if uninterfered with, or if favorable inducements were held out to them, to advocate a cessation of treason, and enrol themselves under the time-honored banner they have so recklessly forsaken. While most of the former, therefore, have rendered themselves liable to the confiscation of all they possess, a considerable portion of the latter have been forced to take arms, and would be delighted at any pretext for abandoning association with those by whom they have been either misled or compelled to participate in the insurrection. The President may afford them an opportunity of returning to their allegiance, which they will eagerly grasp at, by letting it be understood that the utmost penalty of the law will be inflicted upon those who shall persist in opposing the advance of our Federal forces, while the future prosperity of the slave States will be secured, by *dividing the land and negroes, taken away from rebels, among those Southern citizens who shall promptly espouse the cause of loyalty and the Union.*

Our armies, moving forward, with invincible strength, upon the very strongholds of sedition, and into the most densely settled portion of the slave States, should promptly and openly make known that loyalty will be rewarded and treason punished, through the instrumentality of the negroes themselves. Blacks and real estate should be confiscated from the rebel planters, and equally divided among the seven hundred thousand non-slaveholders, whose skirts may be free from the taint of disloyalty, from the present time forward.

COL. COCHRANE'S GREAT MISTAKE.

From Bennett's Herald.

IN the remarkable speech delivered by Col. John Cochrane to his regiment—the New York First Chasseurs—we find these observations, to wit:

"Suppose, said the speaker, our army encounters myriads of cotton bales, and we are able to export those cotton bales to Europe and receive from them millions upon millions of the sinews of war, do you say we should not seize the cotton? No. You are clear upon that point. Suppose that munitions of war, that subsistence for their army are within our reach, would we not be guilty of shameful neglect were we not to appropriate them to our own use? Certainly we would. Suppose the enemy advances against you, would you, from any squeamishness, from any false delicacy, refrain from levelling the hostile gun and prostrating them in death? No. It is your object, it is your purpose. Then, if you seize their property, if you open their ports, if you destroy their lives, I ask you whether you will not seize their slaves? I ask you whether you will not arm their slaves, and whether you will not carry them by battalions into war against their masters?"

This proposition is repeated in another part of the speech, in which, if a general confiscation of the property of rebels will not bring them back to their old allegiance to the Union, Col. Cochrane says: "Do all this, and, if that be not sufficient, take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and bid him, in God's name, strike for the freedom of the human race (great cheering)."

Now, we say that in this radical and startling proposition Col. Cochrane has committed a great mistake. What would be the consequences of a general arming of the slaves against their masters? The bloody scenes of St. Domingo all over the South, involving the most horrible atrocities of savage violence and butchery upon the helpless women and children of the white race, and a savage war of extermination between the two races, ending, perhaps, only with the extermination of both whites and blacks. With the South thus wasted and depopulated by fire and sword, would our government be able to control our armies in the division of the spoils of the rich and extensive regions of farms and plantations thus falling into their hands? No. Our armies would appropriate those unoccupied Southern lands, hold them against the government itself, and set up for themselves an independent Southern Confederacy; for would not the temptations to this course be too strong to be resisted?

Arm the slaves? No! Col. Cochrane, no! That way leads us to universal slaughter and an indefinite reign of anarchy. Our true policy, and our only safe policy, is that of President Lincoln—"the integrity of the Union." What says Gen. Sherman in his address to the people of South Carolina. Mark his words: "Carolinians, we have come among you as loyal men, fully impressed with our constitutional obligations to the citizens of your State. Those obligations shall be performed as far as in our power; but be not deceived." He implores them to pause and reflect; he warns them that this rebellion will be put down. He speaks not as a ruthless invader who has come among them to waste, pillage and destroy, but as a benefactor whose mission it is to save and restore all the blessings of the good government which those foolish people have thrown away.

There can be no necessity, in any event, to arm the slaves of the South against the masters. We can employ the slaves of rebel masters in a much better way. The shovel, the hoe, the rake and the woodman's axe are the proper tools to put into the hands of the slave. While our army is necessarily engaged in consuming and destroying, let us at least keep the slaves of rebels falling into our hands employed in the work of producing and saving, and let us make it manifest that the only hope of safety to this peculiar institution of Southern slavery is the Union, and we shall soon disarm this rebellion. In the border slave States slavery has received a shock from this war from which it must soon die out, and free white labor will more profitably take its place. But slavery in the cotton States is a different thing, and there we must maintain it if we desire the "integrity of the Union."

We hope that Col. Cochrane will make no more stump speeches until he shall have achieved something in the way of fighting. Let him follow the example in speech-making of Gen. McClellan, meantime, by declining to make speeches, and he will be acting like a sensible soldier. As for the report that the Secretary of War, out and out, on the spot, indorsed this last and very imprudent speech of Col. Cochrane, we cannot believe it. Our reporter must have misunderstood Gen. Cameron's remark, or the General must have failed to hear distinctly the remarks which he had been made to indorse as his own. The Administration has never dreamed, in any extremity, of arming the slaves of the South against their masters. The case of Fremont is conclusive upon this matter.

NEGRO PHILANTHROPY.

From The N. Y. Express.

AN incident of the war, doubtless, will be—nay, *must* be—the abduction, or Hegira of a large number of slaves from the South to the North—from sufficiency to hunger and poverty—from hog and hominy to cold victuals and musty crusts. We recorded yesterday the overland Hegira into Philadelphia, from Accomac and Northampton (Va.). We have previously recorded the Hegira of slaves into Kansas from Missouri. We are taking from comfortable hut, hog and hominy, hundreds now, in and about Port Royal, to land them, in the end, in the garrets, cellars, and vaults of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. As the war goes on, what the British did to the French Acadians we shall do, in part, to the Southern negroes. All this is war, the cruelty, the necessary barbarity of war! The negro of the South will suffer, in the end, as much as the white man of the South. We shall free him from his chattel slavery, from his life of hog and hominy, and make a social slave of him. We shall exchange his cabin for a Church street vault or cellar. We shall substitute for his hog the relic swill-pails of the Northern rich man's table, etc. But such is war; and the slave must suffer, physically, as well as his master! The *equality* of the negro, the freedom of the negro, anywhere, among the Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic or the Teutonic race, is only a myth. His color stamps a *caste* upon him that no nominal freedom can strike out. He will black our boots, shave our beards, drive our carriages, wait upon our tables—but there is the limit of his reach. No Anglo-Saxon, no Irishman, no German, will marry or intermarry with him, but upon the doom of everlasting exclusion from all society. Nothing can bleach the poor negro of his color, his caste; and thus, in taking him from his home South, we but doom him to everlasting social slavery in the North. But such is war! War, if persisted in by the South, must, in the end, make a Hayti of that South, and a sort of Mexico of us, North, where, when four million of slaves are thrown in upon us, the poor whites, doomed to negro labor competition, and thus to negro degradation, may mix and intermix, until our race becomes corrupt, like that of Spanish America. But such is war!

Selections.

RELATIONS OF SLAVERY TO THE WAR.

WHAT COL. COCHRANE SAID.

[The following is an extract from the full report of the speech delivered by Col. John Cochrane to the soldiers of his command, in Washington, on the 13th inst., and which the Hon. Simon Cameron "approved as fully as if the words had been his own."]

THEY—the South—have resorted to arms, and they have compelled us to the same resort, and if they claim that it is a war of self-preservation on their part, it is equally a war of self-preservation on ours, and if we are in controversy for very existence, then I contend that all the resources, all the means within ourselves, individually, collectively and nationally, must be resorted to and adopted (applause). But some friend—a doubter—exclaims, "Would you disrupt and tear asunder the Constitution? Where is the Constitution? Would you tread and trample upon that sacred instrument, and no longer acknowledge its binding force? No longer be bound by its compromises and decrees?" I answer no. The Constitution, by the necessity of the controversy, is cast behind the arena of the strife. May it rest there safe until, the present strife being over, it shall be restored to its original purity and force. Like the sybil leaves when lost, the remainder become more valuable in our eyes, and in the midst of carnage we will clasp to our bosoms that instrument whose worth has never been transcended by human efforts. Soldiers, to what means shall we resort for our existence? This war is devoted not merely to victory and its mighty honors, not merely to the triumphs which move in glorious procession along our streets. But it is a war which moves toward the protection of our homes, the safety of our families, the continuation of our domestic altars and the protection of our firesides. In such a war we are justified, are bound to resort to every force within our power. Having opened the port of Beaufort, we shall be able to export millions of cotton bales, and from these we may raise the sinews of war. Do you say that we should not seize the cotton? No; you are clear upon that point. Suppose the munitions of war are within our reach, would we not be guilty of shameful neglect if we avail not ourselves of the opportunity to use them? Suppose the enemy's slaves were arrayed against you, would you, from any squeamishness, refrain from pointing against them the hostile gun, and prostrating them in death? No; that is your object and purpose; and if you would seize their property, open their ports, and even destroy their lives, I ask you whether you would not use their slaves? Whether you would not arm their slaves (great applause), and carry them in battalions against their masters? (Renewed and tumultuous applause.) If necessary to save this government, I would plunge their whole country, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of blood, so that we should in the end have a government which would be the vicegerent of God. Let us have no more of this *dilettante* system, but let us work with a will and a purpose that cannot be mistaken. Let us not be put aside from too great a delicacy of motive. Soldiers, you know no such reasoning as this. You have arms in your hands, and those arms are placed there for the purpose of exterminating an enemy unless he submits to law, order and the Constitution. If he will not submit, explode everything that comes in your way. Set fire to the cotton. Explode the cotton. Take property wherever you may find it. Take the slave and bestow him upon the non-slaveholder if you please (great applause). Do to them as they would do to us. Raise up a party of interest against the absent slaveholder, distract their counsels, and if this should not be sufficient, take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and in God's name bid him strike for the liberty of the human race (immense applause). Now, is this emancipation? Is this abolitionism? I do not regard it as either. It no more partakes of abolitionism than a spaniel partakes of the nature of a lion. Abolitionism is to free the slaves. It is to make war upon the South for that purpose. It is to place them above their masters in the social scale. It is to assert the great abstract principles of equality among men. But to take the slave and make him an implement of war in overcoming your enemy, that is a military scheme. It is a military necessity, and the commander who does not this, or something equivalent to it, is unworthy of the position he holds, and equally unworthy of your confidence. Emancipation! Are we engaged in a war of emancipation? If so, who commenced the war? Not we. And if we did not commence the war, we cannot be charged with its consequences. Where had it its origin? It had its origin in the South. It was and has been a war of the South against the free institutions of the North. * * * * Now what is our object? It is simply to arrest the sway of this fell spirit of secession. It is to maintain our government, to establish and vindicate law and order, without which neither happiness nor prosperity can exist. You are engaged, too, by the strength of your arms to protect our commerce with other nations, and when victory crowns your devotion to your country's cause—as it assuredly will—you will be proudly pointed at as the champions of American rights, as men who have maintained their dearest principles, and as those who, from this time forward, shall live in the most grateful remembrance of the living, and whose names shall descend with marks of imperishable honor to the remotest posterity. But, soldiers, to accomplish all this, not merely arms are necessary, not merely men to carry them, but that powerful and overwhelming spirit which constitutes and makes us men, that spirit which lifts us above the creeping things of life, and brings us near the Deity in accomplishing his work on earth. Oh, then, let us not merely think that the "battle is to the strong"—let us not merely depend on discipline and order, but with that fervidness of soul which inspired our fathers at Bunker's Hill, and Saratoga, and Yorktown, come forward and give effect to all that is valuable in the name of patriotism, and honor, and religion.

Never, no never, will you succeed until that spirit is once more manifested and developed which actuated the soldiers of Cromwell, who, on the field, invoked the Lord his God to arise. So let it be with us. We must be at least one with him in spirit. Let us, like Cromwell, invoke the Almighty blessing, and, clothed with the panoply of patriotism and religion, strike for our homes and our country (immense cheering). Let us—oh, let us—without reference to any differences of the past, keep our eye steadfastly on the great object to be achieved, the nationality and independence of this country, the salvation of civilization from the insults and assaults of barbarism; and then, but not till then, will you be worthy to be recognized as a distinguished portion of our great American army (long continued cheering from the whole regiment).

VIEWS OF THE SECRERARY OF WAR.

[Immediately after the speech of Col. Cochrane there was a tumultuous demand for the Secretary of War. He came before the regiment and made an address, which, though it appeared in our columns last week, we will once more put on record, as follows:]

SOLDIERS: It is too late for me to make you a speech to-night, but I will say that I heartily approve every sentiment uttered by your noble commander. The doctrines which he has laid down I approve as if they were my own words. They are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead you to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. *Every means which God has placed in our hands it is our duty to use, for the purpose of protecting ourselves.* I am glad of the opportunity to say here, what I have already said elsewhere, in these few words, that *I approve the doctrines this evening enunciated by Col. Cochrane* (loud and prolonged cheering).

[We also record in this place *The Tribune's* report—sanctioned, no doubt, by himself—of observations made by the Secretary of War to citizens of Springfield, Mass., who waited upon him during his recent visit to that place.]

In the afternoon, a very large number of the citizens of Springfield called upon the Secretary at the hotel, desirous to obtain his views upon questions connected with the prosecution of the war. While he spoke to them very freely and frankly, he wished them to understand distinctly that in what he said he merely expressed his own personal opinions, and that, as Simon Cameron, he had no concealments to make. He would say to them that he intended, so far as laid in his power, to prosecute this war with all the vigor and power of the nation. He believed that we had at the head of our army a young General of great ability, and one in whom the people could repose confidence. He could not speak of what Gen. McClellan proposed to do, as his business as Secretary of War was to furnish men and munitions, and to trust the disposition of the troops to the General in command.

Mr. Cameron spoke of the cause of the war, and said that everybody understood what had produced it; it was the discordant element of slavery. In regard to that institution, he believed that the end of the war would be the end of slavery, unless the rebels returned to their duties and their loyalty.

The Secretary, in the course of the conversation, further remarked that in fitting out the expedition which had so recently sailed for the South, he had directed that an extra quantity of guns should accompany the forces, and that the commander should place these arms in the hands of ANY MEN who might offer to use them. He had no doubt that plenty of men would be found, even in South Carolina, who would be willing to fight for the cause of freedom and the preservation of the Union. *In this belief he would see that any other expedition that might hereafter go South should take sufficient arms to enable those who desired to fight to take the field in aid of the Union cause.*

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Nov. 12.

The Democrats who are engaged in this war seem to be the most ready to prosecute it with vigor. Col. John Cochrane yesterday addressed his regiment on the topics of the day—the issues of the hour—and did not at empt to evade the slavery issue. You know John Cochrane's history, how he has boxed the compass in political principles, and you may not be inclined to attach very much importance to what he says on any subject. But John is a man of fine intellect and he is shrewd in all political matters. He knows as well as the next man how the political cat is going to jump. When he delivers an address to his regiment inculcating the duty of destroying slavery, depend upon it that something is up—that slavery is in danger. Dan. Sickles is in the same boat, and no longer has a fear that pro-slavery doctrines are going to be popular in New York. Both of these gentlemen believe in breaking the backbone of slavery with this war. Col. Cochrane says so openly, and I hear that Gen. Sickles says the same thing a little more privately.

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

[Special Dispatch to The Evening Post.]

Washington, November 14.—It is understood here that the position on the slavery question, taken by Col. Cochrane in his speech yesterday, is fully agreed to by the Administration. Secretary Cameron declares that our soldiers shall not be slave-catchers; and army officers will not hereafter be permitted to engage in this business, or to order their subordinates to catch or return fugitives.

The Administration is fully decided on its policy respecting the institution of slavery in the South. It will not set the army at the work of catching runaway slaves; and if slavery stands in the way of Union it will be crushed out. In other words, the whole question will be decided by the military necessities of the hour. This is John Cochrane's doctrine, and that of some of the more prominent Democrats in the volunteer army.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

THE results of Alexander's efforts for the abolition of serfdom have been involved in so much obscurity that evidence is still wanting, at least in this country, to reconcile conflicting opinions as to the success of the measure. We have recently conversed with an intelligent American who has spent a portion of the year in Russia, and are indebted to him for the substance of the following statements.

It is well known that the provision of the decree by which a term of years was interposed in favor of the proprietor before the extinction of his relation to the serf was widely misunderstood. The serfs, especially those more remote from the capital, buried in the recesses of the Empire, received the news of the decree much as the negroes of Tennessee heard of the election of Lincoln. Some event, more or less immediately affecting their condition, had certainly happened. Its importance was magnified by uncertainty, and the hour of its fruition anticipated by hope. Emancipation had been declared. In the narrow brain of the serf, there was room for no other idea. Delay, postponement, transition periods, were a juggle of the owner. The Czar had decreed liberty to his children. The inferior despot, who tyrannized over them, was thwarting the will of his Imperial master, and cheating the subject of his newly-granted rights. No other theory is needed to account for the disturbances which took place on some estates, chiefly those of the interior. The probabilities of the case make the theory plausible, and the example of the British West Indies supplies a similar instance. Supported as it is by ascertained facts, it gives another proof how delicate a business is an attempt at partial emancipation, how liable are ignorant millions to misapprehension of qualified efforts in their behalf, and what sort of trouble may be expected to follow. Dissatisfaction on the part of the nobles had been anticipated. Why the serfs should also have rebelled has been ill understood. In dealing with our own problem, it concerns us to consider alike the encouragement and the warning of such an example. To those who affect to believe that the slaves of the South are happy in servitude, devoted to their masters, averse to freedom, and hostile or indifferent to all efforts at meliorating their condition, a similar state of mind in the Russian serfs will need no explanation. But thoughtful observers will be satisfied that the policy of the Emperor was not directly responsible for the trouble; that not the decree but the supposed interference with its operation created discontent and stimulated revolt.

In many cases, however, a greater degree of intelligence or readier access to information produced very different results. The commutation in money of this period of delay, according to the provisions of the decree, has been more generally availed of than could have been expected. The class of serfs who resided by permission away from the estates of their masters, nearly free from restraint, and often possessing great wealth, would readily purchase their immediate freedom. But the practice has not been confined to them. A single instance may be cited. On an estate not far from St. Petersburg, seventy thousand roubles were paid to the steward by the serfs for this commutation, and eighty thousand roubles for the land itself, which also might have become theirs by a longer term of service. The whole amount was in silver, much of it so old that the coinage had long been out of circulation. For a hundred years, it had been hoarded, till the day came when the painful savings of former generations gave liberty to this. Aside from all other considerations, the unlocking of these long-hidden stores of coin throughout the empire must have no unimportant effect on its currency, and give no little relief to embarrassed finance.—*Tribune.*

THE CONTRABANDS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

UNITED STATES STEAMER BIENVILLE,
AT SEA, Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1861.

WE left Port Royal at noon of Sunday—not before we had heard the result of a reconnoissance made by the gunboats Curlew, Seneca and Pembina up Broad River to Beaufort. These vessels departed on their mission early on Saturday afternoon. Cautiously feeling their way, anticipating every moment that a rebel battery, concealed somewhere on the river bank, would open its fire, the vessels passed up the pretty river. Scattered here and there on the route were the residences of the wealthy planters, now deserted by their owners, and left to the tender mercies of the negroes.

The town of Beaufort, I am told, is a private watering-place. That is, the wealthy planters, for miles around, have erected commodious summer residences there, and in the height of the season the town accommodates from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants. The remainder of the year the white and colored population together does not exceed 500. When the reconnoitering party landed they found that extreme terror of an attack, consequent upon the defeat of their countrymen at the mouth of the bay, had prompted a stampede of all the white people, with one solitary exception, the day before. The exception was a man who doubtless would have gone also, but he was too drunk to move. He was taken on board the Pembina and questioned, but he was too stupid to give a coherent story. The negroes were then flocking in from the plantations and pillaging the houses. They told dreadful stories of how their owners had attempted to deter them from coming in by shooting a few down; but they had heard that the "Yankees" would give them liberty, and for such a boon they took the risk of a bullet.

Before I left Hilton Head, I saw as many as one hundred negroes, who had come into our camps, and they were constantly arriving. At Bay Point I was informed there were as many more. As soon as they made their appearance they were huddled into a dilapidated building which was strongly guarded. All ages were represented, but only the male sex. Until I saw and conversed with the greater number of these persons, I believed that the appearance and intelligence of Southern field hands were greatly libelled by the delineators of negro character at the concert saloons. Now, I cannot but acknowledge that instead of gross exaggerations the "minstrels" give representations which are faithful to nature. There were the same grotesque dresses, awkward figures, and immense brogans which are to be seen every night at Bryant's or Christy's. Some of them told me that they had heard the "Yankees" were coming down to set them free, as early as last July, and they appeared very happy at their prospects. One old man said he was willing to work at anything "Massa Yankees" gave him to do, but he never would go back to "dat ar rice fiel' agin." I asked him to whom he belonged. He replied that he once belonged to the widow Pinckney, who had four hundred "head o' niggers," but he was free now. The chief anxiety of most of them was to get their families to join them. There was no difficulty in learning from these people that our arrival had been anxiously looked for with pleasant anticipations.

The following is an extract from a private letter from one of the officers engaged in the bombardment:

"I am sure our success will rejoice your hearts; it has been complete, and terror runs over the whole country. The negroes are wild, and plundering their masters' houses. The whites have been driving the negroes away by force, and shooting them down, but they still come to the gunboats. The moment Gen. Drayton took to his horse in the panic of the 7th, his two hundred servants went directly to the Wabash. This is worthy of notice, as putting down the nonsense that the slaves were ready to fight for their masters. They surrounded Capt. Ammen in crowds at Beaufort, one of them, calling out, in the joy of his heart, "I didn't think you could do it, massa.'"

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

The negroes ran to greet our boats as we landed to take possession of the fort, and among those found on the shore by our marines were several belonging to Gen. Drayton, commander of the post, whose plantation on Hilton Head Island was well stocked with fellows of the genuine ebony cast. Two of them were taken on board the Wabash, and gave much interesting and reliable information in regard to the situation of the affairs on the island.

One of them asserted that his master had that morning assured him that he might fall into other hands before night, and he seemed to have been sufficiently pleased with the prospect of a change of masters to get his little bundle ready to be taken off.

THE NEGROES TRADING.

Early in the morning after the victory the plantation negroes began to come into camp, and with the genuine African instinct for trade, each had provided himself with a turkey, a shoulder of bacon, or two shoulders, and a brace of hams in the shape of a struggling porker, which he bore kicking and squealing under his arm. It was amusing to see the pertinacity with which the fellows would cling to their prize, even while waiting to be questioned under guard of a file of soldiers. The instant one was spoken to, the bit of wide-awake or the rimless crown of straw which did duty as a hat would be jerked off with characteristic obsequiousness, the negro stand scraping and bowing, answering meanwhile his catechism, as well as he could with the noisy and struggling beast distracting his attention.

Several who came in brought waggons loaded with knapsacks and other accoutrements which they had picked up on the way. All seemed ready to work, and those who were fortunate enough to have possessed themselves of some stray horse or a pair of plantation mules found abundant occupation.

THEY ARE CARED FOR.

As our troops were at first too busy in making good their position to attend to anything else, and the Quartermasters had already more upon their hands than they could well attend to, the negroes who appeared were not encouraged to remain, but were at once sent back, and on one pretence and another, to take care of themselves. But by the morning of the second day fifty were already gathered at headquarters, and signs of a much greater influx were abundant.

Those who remained were put under the charge of Capt. Goodrich, the Quartermaster of Gen. Wright's Brigade, who saw that their wants were well attended to, giving up an old building to their accommodation.

Our troops were accompanied in their first reconnoissance into the island by Dr. J. J. Craven, the efficient surgeon of the Third Brigade, who reports the negroes on the plantations further inland as almost wild with delight at the advent of our troops and the hasty flight of their masters, which they described with the utmost gusto.

THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE.

"O Lord! massa," said one, "we'se so glad to see you. We'se prayed and prayed the good Lord that he would send you Yankees, and we knowed you'se was coming."

"How could you know that?" asked Dr. Craven. "You can't read the papers; how did you get the news?"

"No, massa, we'se can't read, but we'se can listen. Massa and missus uses to read, and sometimes they's would read loud, and then we would listen so"—making an expressive gesture indicative of close attention at a key-hole—"When I'se git a chance I'se would list'n, and Jim, him would listen, and we put the bits together, and we knew'd the Yankees were coming. Bless the Lord, massa."

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CONTRABANDS.

Another stout fellow asserted that the good Lord had appeared to him in the shape of a "Yankee," who assured him that his hour of deliverance was at hand.

The poor, trusting creatures never seemed to question that a war which they had heard was all about them must mean their deliverance from a bondage with which they do not seem to have been sufficiently in love to follow the fortunes of their fleeing masters.

A driver's whip which was picked up, and which the correspondent of *The Evening Post* now has in his possession, was shown one of them, and he was asked if he knew what it was.

"Golly, massa!" said the negro, with a suspicious, sidelong look at the familiar whip he saw raised aloft, "Guess dis nigger knows what dat dere is," and he proceeded to explain the use to which it was applied.

When some doubt was expressed as to the negro statements in regard to numbers, one of them answered.

"We can't read, but we'se can count."

"How did you learn to count?"

"Picking cotton, massa. We'se all got to count when we pick cotton, massa."

There seems to be abundant work for them to do in picking cotton on Hilton Head Island, which our troops have occupied, and it is to be hoped that their services will be in some way turned to account for this purpose.

Acres of it, already white for the harvest, were found within less than a mile of Fort Walker, and will be lost unless speedily attended to.

Several buildings filled with unginned cotton were also found further back toward Skull Creek, and on the islands beyond that stream similar depositos could be seen. A heavy smoke which was seen at a distance the negroes reported to come from a lot of cotton which had been fired by the retreating rebels.

For some reason the negroes appeared at first inclined to wait until they were called for before making their appearance, but the few who were dismissed on the first day spread the report that the Yankees were indeed at hand, and the next morning a number came in from the main-land, where their masters had retreated, making their escape at night in a canoe. The reports must have spread as far up as Beaufort in an astonishingly short space of time, for when our boats went up there the negroes were ready to greet them.

By that singular sort of freemasonry which seems to be established among the negroes, the report will speedily spread from one end of the South to the other, and before the snows of December shall have whitened the plains of the North, even in distant Texas the story of our appearance will have travelled distorted by a thousand exaggerations, to excite the eager hopes of those who are watching and waiting so patiently for the deliverance which is so near at hand.

Correspondence of The World.

As soon as the negro slaves observed us coming on shore they flocked along the banks in great numbers, some bearing parcels and bundles, as if expecting us to take them at once to a home of freedom. Every variety of negro and slave was represented. I say negro *and* slave, for it is a melancholy fact that some slaves are apparently as white as their masters, and as intelligent. Darkies of genuine Congo physiques, and darkies of the genuine Uncle Tom pattern, darkies young and jubilant, darkies middle-aged, and eager, and gray-haired, solemn-looking fellows. Some appeared mystified, and some intelligent. The quadroon and the octoroon, possessing an unmistakable tint of negro blood, mingled one drop with seven of Southern nativity and ancient family, formed, to speak mildly, an interesting scene.

As fast as the contraband article came within reach, it was placed in the guard-house, an old frame building behind Fort Walker. Here quite a collection was made. They were huddling together, half in fear and half in hope, when a naval officer of the Bienville looked in upon them, asking, "Well, well, what are you all about?"

"Dat's jest what we'd like to find out mas'r," was the response.

The officer assured them that they would be kindly taken care of and perhaps found something to do, and need not be alarmed.

"Tank God for dat, mas'r," was the reply. On drawing them into conversation, they said that they caught a great deal of fish in Port Royal harbor, fishing at night, after the plantation work was over. Two slaves were found reconnoitering about on their own account, and on being brought into camp, explained that they belonged to Mrs. Pinckney, of Charleston, and came down to "see what de white people were all about." They said that the white people all ran away when the ships came up, crying, "Great God! Great God! Great God! the Yankees are coming; fire the boats." Other slaves reported that "when the white folks see the little boats coming up, dey laffed at them, but when they see de big checker-sided vessels comin', they laffed on de oder side der moufs."

The number of slaves will probably increase each day, and the importance of their aid must be great.

Correspondence of The Herald.

PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., Nov. 11, 1861.

On Saturday noon last, in pursuance of the orders of Flag Officer Dupont, the gunboats Seneca, Lieut. Commanding David Ammen; Pembina, Lieut. Commanding John Bankhead; and the Curlew, Lieut. Watmough, proceeded up the Beaufort river to reconnoitre, and to take possession of two light boats, which had been removed there early in the summer. The boats proceeded rapidly up the stream, cleared for action, and ready for any emergency, but the banks of the river were found deserted, save by groups of negroes, who were observed to gaze upon the novel sight of three war vessels, bearing the stars and stripes on South Carolina waters, with curiosity, if not with lively fear. On arriving at a point about half a mile distant from Beaufort, quite a number of persons were observed to leave the village, and hastily take to the woods. Soon thereafter, on approaching the village a little nearer, Capt. Ammen, of the Seneca, sent Lieut. Sprotson in a boat to the shore, with a flag of truce, to communicate to the people and to assure them of perfect safety to their persons and property, and inviting them to return to their homes. On landing, Lieut. Sprotson was met by a number of negroes, who seemed greatly rejoiced to see him, and who cheered lustily for the stars and stripes. They informed Lieut. Sprotson that there were but two whites left in the village, and took him to one, who met the Lieutenant at the door of his store waving a flag of truce, and exhibiting in his manner every indication of deep fear. This man, a Northerner by birth, reported that the negroes were perfectly wild, and were plundering stores and dwellings, wantonly destroying property of every kind and carrying off everything of a portable character that they could lay their hands upon. They had been worked up to a pitch of frenzy by their masters, who had shot several negroes who refused to accompany them into the woods, and away from the village, to prevent them from communicating with the United States forces; and that the negroes were retaliating in this manner, and that the lives of the remaining whites and their property were horribly insecure. A perfect saturnalia had begun.

The negroes reported that the rebel force which lately occupied the fortifications on St. Phillip's Island had, with the Beaufort artillery, retired in a hasty manner to Port Royal ferry, about ten miles distant, where there was a force of about a thousand men.

On these facts being known to Capt. Ammen, he returned to her, and reported them to Com. Dupont, who immediately ordered the Unadilla, Capt. Collins, the senior officer of the gunboats, to proceed to Beaufort and suppress any excesses that the negroes might commit in their efforts to retaliate against their masters, and to take particular pains to assure the white inhabitants that we had no intention to disturb them in their rights or in the enjoyment of private property, and in the spirit of these instructions, and, in accordance with these principles, to use every effort to restore confidence, to bring the people back to their homes, when order should be reëstablished, and personal safety and the rights of private property secured to all. We have not heard from the Unadilla as yet, but there will be no more excesses committed if Com. Dupont and the forces under his control can prevent it; and I am sure that Gen. Sherman is controlled by the same sense of duty.

While the Seneca was returning, a boat-load of negroes came aboard the vessel, and they were distinctly informed by Capt. Ammen that we had not come for the purpose of taking them away from their masters, nor of obliging them to continue in a state of slavery, and that they might go to Beaufort or to Hilton Head, as they pleased. They left, saying that they would return to Beaufort and make arrangements to remove, and they thought that all the slaves would come down to Hilton Head. Some of them have already arrived, and others will pour in here until we shall be overrun by them. Nearly two hundred contrabands have already arrived within our lines, and the accessions increase daily. And these fat, sleek, well-to-do darkies are the favorite slaves of the wealthiest and largest slave-owners in South Carolina, where the institution is said to assume its mildest form, and where, consequently, the slaves are more contented and happier than in any other part of the South. The negroes here would never leave their masters, they would fight and lay down their lives for them, if necessary, before they would allow "Lincoln's hirelings" to land upon the sacred soil. How correct they were in their estimate of the strength of these black scoundrels' love and affection for massa, and the "little log hut," may be easily appreciated when I state that one of the first negroes that came in was the driver on Mr. Seabury's plantation, and among others, were body servants of Gen. Drayton and Coatesworth Pinckney, whose plantations are within ten miles of us. These come, and go into ecstacies of joy, when they feel that they are safe. There are a good many cooks among them, who can get up a "hoecake" in a style quite gay and festive, and who know how to give that exact turn to bacon which is arrived at only by long experience, and a peculiar talent that rises to the height of the science, and embraces within its comprehensive grasp the coördinate branches of turkey roasting and oyster frying. Those there be among us to-day.

These oleaginous darkies that come in are well cared for in every respect, and we expect at no distant day, to see the results of their new freedom manifested in throwing up entrenchments and constructing fortifications. A couple of thousand negroes will be just the article we need in entrenching ourselves, and by the time we are ready, every shovel, spade and pick that we have will be in contrabands' hands, as they come by fifties and hundreds.

A VISIT TO A PLANTATION.

Correspondence of The Herald.

PORT ROYAL HARBOR, Nov. 12.

Last Sunday I visited a plantation about three miles from Hilton Head. It belonged to Gen. Drayton, the commander of the rebel forces on this side of the harbor during the bombardment. After passing along the road through numerous cotton fields (Sea Island), and strips of timber which bordered on the bayous, we came to a broad avenue, shaded by live oak, sycamore, orange and China trees; on either side were rows of white-washed cabins, at nearly every door of which were groups of negroes, all looking with eager curiosity at the white strangers, but evincing nothing like fear; on the contrary, they were much disposed to give full accounts of all that had happened in the brief but eventful period that gave them a new set of masters; how the shell flew fast and thick; how they burst around them, luckily doing no damage to anyone or anything, excepting an unfortunate outhouse. A little farther on we approached what had once been a large and carefully tended garden, in the midst of which, on a slight elevation, faciug, and in full view of the harbor, stood the mansion. It is a large, time-honored building, constructed after the usual style of the South, of two stories and an attic, a wide piazza in front and rear, a wide hall running through the building, with large airy rooms on either side.

It appears that Gen. Drayton had not lived here for some time past, and that the plantation had been under the direction solely of an overseer. Gen. Drayton has another plantation on the mainland, where his family resided. There was, consequently, but little or no furniture in the house; everything, however, had been pretty well overhauled, and the *debris* of household articles scattered around gave very much the appearance of a house, after the turmoil of a May day, in New York.

The negro driver, a tall ebony and quite intelligent, said that in the days of the old lady, Mrs. Pope, the mother-in-law of Gen. Drayton, things were kept up in style, but that since her death everything had pretty much gone to rack. Indeed, it needed but a little fancy to imagine the mansion and its grounds under the *regime* of its once palmy days—the mistress dispensing hospitality in true old Carolina style to coming or departing guests—steeds prancing at the doorway under care of bright-eyed little woolly heads—the gardens blooming with gorgeous flowers—the trim gravelled walks nicely kept, the lofty trees (still remaining) affording a grateful retreat to fair damsels and gay cavaliers, under the shade of their foliage.

The plantation consists of some three or four hundred acres, and well adapted to the raising of crops that require a light soil. As the crops have only been about half gathered, Capt. Hudson has obtained permission from headquarters to take charge of the place and set the hands to work to gather in the rest. This will secure a large quantity of corn and sweet potatoes, besides about fifty bags of Sea Island cotton. There is a gin on the place, steam engine, etc., so that you may not be surprised to hear of an invoice sent on to New York from the first cotton port opened during the days of the great rebellion.

EMPLOYING THE SLAVES.

Contraband negroes constantly arrive and give themselves up to our troops. There are about one hundred and forty of them employed in the Quartermaster's department. They are allowed pay and rations the same as other laborers.

THE BLOW THAT WOULD SETTLE THE CONTEST.

From The Methodist Christian Advocate and Journal.

* * * BUT suppose the armies of the Union should be unsuccessful. Suppose the despotism of the South concentrate its wealth and power in the conflict, extinguish the Union sentiment among its people, clothe its army from abroad, while its slaves feed and intrench it, may not the

Episcopal Church, honest and persevering efforts to rid the Church of slaveholders, have generally resulted, not in the exclusion of a single slaveholder, but in the defaming and driving out of all earnest and persevering laborers for a non-slaveholding Christianity, there seems to be no hope that the Methodist Episcopal Church will purge herself from this iniquity for years to come, if ever; or until the opportunity for so honoring Christ has passed away, by the legal abolition of slavery in these States.

Such being the state of things in the Methodist Episcopal Church; my convictions being clear that to hold property in man is a sin against God; my fiftieth year being past, and my health precarious; I feel it my duty to withdraw from said Church, as a solemn TESTIMONY and PROTEST against Methodist slaveholding and slave-trading; and in order that when it shall please God to call me hence, I may take my departure for Heaven, where I hope to dwell forever, from a Church having no "man-stealers" in its bosom, and holding no fellowship with slaveholders.

* * * * * * * *

But I am not going out of the Church of Christ; and I dissolve my connection with the Black River Conference and the Methodist Episcopal Church, only to unite with, and become the Pastor of the St. John's Methodist Church, in the City of New York, and of becoming identified ecclesiastically with such other independent Methodist Churches, as now exist, or may be organized, in this country. You will please, therefore, to report me to the Black River Conference, at its next session, as withdrawn from that body, and from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

[Among the "first principles" in the government and economy of the Independent Methodist Church is the following, which we copy from the Manual, p 20, viz: "No slaveholder shall ever be admitted to the fellowship of this Church, or to the pulpit, or to the holy communion."]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE BATTLE OF BEAUFORT.

THE Administration has bettered expectation. The victory in Beaufort is not limited in its influences to its immediate or its contingent effects. It has even a more wholesome effect upon the country at large than upon South Carolina and the rebellious States, generally. It revives hopes that were drooping, and disperses, for a time at least, fears which were growing stronger daily. A feeling of distrust in the Administration at Washington was rapidly spreading itself through the Northern people, disheartening and crippling their efforts. However events may justify the action and the inaction of the military and naval authorities up to this point, the hearts of men in the loyal States were beginning to fail them for fear—not of their enemies, but of those in whose hands they had placed all trust and power. The disgrace of Com. Stringham and of Gen. Fremont, following immediately upon the only brilliant naval and military actions of the war, at Hatteras and Springfield, seemed to common eyes to be the punishment of successes which made no part of the plan of operations. The inactivity of Gen. McClellan and his industrious whitewashing of Gen. Stone after the vile blunder which carried the disaster and loss at Ball's Bluff, made many thoughtful observers apprehend that a zeal for negro-catching would cover any amount of incapacity and negligence which only enured to the loss of life and liberty to scores of brave men. While the notorious fact of the employment of traitors in confidential and responsible posts in the Departments and in the Army and Navy led to a terrible suspicion that there was a purpose on the part of men of high place to defeat the nation with its own arms, and to reduce it to a condition to accept such terms as Mr. Davis and his Cabinet might be pleased to impose.

The expedition against Beaufort, if followed up in a manner to make sure that the success which has crowned it was intentional, will go far to restore the confidence of the country to the government. The fears which were entertained that its object was merely to occupy Pensacola as a port of refuge and refreshment, have been dispersed by its broadsides. The country feels more assured than it has ever yet done that the Administration is in earnest, and that it comprehends the magnitude of the conflict in which it is engaged. There can be no falling back, or falling short, after that landing at Beaufort. Not even the occupation of the sacred soil of Virginia was half as significant as the armed possession of that of South Carolina. South Carolina has been all along thoroughly in earnest and perfectly intelligent of what she wanted. It was her energy that breathed the breath of life into the rebellion, and all the other seceded States have only followed in her footsteps. What she was at the beginning she is now, and will be to the end. Should there be any disposition to come short of the perfect duty of the government in the present emergency, South Carolina will never permit it to come to any result, short of the full granting of all she can demand. This step of the government settles that question forever. The occupation of Beaufort, be it remembered, is by no means the conquest of Carolina. Many a hard-fought battle awaits our forces there, and complete victory is possible only on the terms indicated by Mr. Sumner, partially recognized by Gen. Fremont, and fully accepted by Col. Cochrane, with the authentic endorsement of the Secretary at War. The emancipation of the slaves, their employment in the entrenching and the sustaining of the army, and the putting of arms into their hands if the urgency of the campaign requires it, are the conditions precedent of its successful issue.

If hesitation and delay were duties, the Administration has discharged them to the uttermost. It has waited as long as it could, without absolute surrender, before contemplating the only measure that has salvation in it. It has permitted its military officers, from the present Commander-in-Chief downwards, to violate the letter and spirit of the Constitution and the laws, and act as negro-catchers for the slaveholders, while it virtually cashiered Gen. Fremont for having exercised, with caution and prudence, the clear discretion vested in every military commander within the precincts of his military district. The time past is surely sufficient for such acts as these. The success which has waited upon this policy in Missouri and Kentucky is not brilliant enough to encourage its continuance and extension. Notwithstanding the boasted successes of our arms in the last named State, it is very clear that both are rotten to the core and will need but a very slight shake by Secession to make them drop into her lap. The opportunity is now offered, such as may not again occur, for showing how wisely and humanely a policy of emancipation can be carried out. We are now in possession of the most densely populated of the slave districts, and of the region where cotton-planting is the most profitable. We have recognized the duty of making use of these black men as auxiliaries to our army, as we have at Fortress Monroe. We have also recognized by law the just confiscation of the estates of all proprietors identified with the rebellion. What more simple than to assume the Sea Islands as property confiscated to the nation, and to employ the slaves as free laborers on wages to finish the cultivation and gathering of the crop? Here, within the protection of the arms of the United States, might a new experiment of tropical culture by free labor be tried, in the region where the whites are fewest and the blacks the most. Succeeding there, as succeed it must and would, how simple the process by which it might be extended wherever the arms of the nation may be predominant! It would be the easiest and simplest solution of the problem that can be imagined, and one that could not be complained of, or objected to, by the very New York *Herald*, or the *Post* or *Courier* of Boston.

But this occupation of the soil of Carolina will do more than all that has gone before to make the nation understand the nature of the foe it has to contend with. The black flag which she has raised is no empty threat. It stands for substantial barbarities and for bitter and deadly resistance. The next move of our troops, which will be to take possession of the Charleston and Savannah Railway, will be the occasion of a pitched battle, in which our success is not beyond a peradventure. A strong and desperate body of men can be rallied, inspired by every passion that can urge the human breast to mortal conflict, and a mortal conflict will ensue. And then woe to the prisoners and the wounded, should success be theirs! But should we prevail in the first engagement and succeed in cutting off the communication between the two chief cities of Carolina and Georgia, it will be but the beginning of a succession of struggles, each more fierce and bloody than the other. The question will then be forced on the military authorities, in the field and in the Cabinet, whether we will make use of the black nation as our allies, or encounter them as our deadliest enemies. We cannot doubt how the question will be answered, nor the assent which will go up from the whole nation to a righteous decision. Indeed, this decision is already foreshadowed in the speeches of Col. Cochrane and of Gen. Cameron. The first of these was surely never looked for in the company of the anti-slavery prophets, and the last has been but very recently suspected of any sympathy with their school. They, neither of them, pretend to any motives of humanity; but they are men of the world and men of sense, who see what is before their eyes and do not think they can blot it out of existence by shutting them to it. And, happily, the first is a Democrat, and the last, though a Republican, was a Democrat first. Hence their courage and strength, which so puts to shame the cowardice and weakness of the Republicans. They, nor George Bancroft, never turned pale and stammered curses at Senator Sumner for his wise and timely words, like the Boston Republican editors. They accepted and they bettered them. And the bold action of Capt. Wilkes in taking Mason and Slidell from a British packet, if recognized by the government, as we believe it will be, is another symptom of growing strength—of strength made stronger by conflict—which we may hope will increase until no slave-catcher shall wear its uniform, and no slave be left behind wherever its triumphant armies shall have marched.

NEMESIS.

JUSTICE, however slow, is sure. The trial of this people, before her bar, is now going forward, and two questions of immense importance are to be settled; not only, first, what retribution is due to us for our base betrayal of the principles of freedom during the seventy-four years of our National existence; but the far more momentous question, whether we are now worth saving from the gulf of despotism! whether there is sound principle enough remaining in the nation to enable it to begin again, to start anew in the attempt to carry on a government by the hands of the whole people, which shall recognize in form, and seek to secure in fact, the rights and the welfare of the whole people! whether we are to live as a Free Republic, by making the immense effort now required to become in reality that which we have hitherto been only in pretence; or whether, too hopelessly depraved for repentance and reformation, we shall die impenitent, and go to the place appointed for those who have presumptuously sinned away the day of grace! These questions are now in process of solution.

In Berquin's "Children's Friend" is told the instructive story of "The Children who would be their own Masters." Their judicious father granted their request, and allowed them to gratify their own wishes in every particular, until they should spontaneously desire him to resume his authority. The story relates—it is so easy to make things go right in a story—that after they had made themselves sick by gluttonous indulgence, and fallen into the water in the unwonted attempt to manage a boat, they begged their father to resume his government, took, without a murmur, the bitter medicine which he prescribed, and ever after led virtuous and happy lives. Our nation has not yet chosen to follow this salutary lesson. Exhilarated, in very early childhood, by the attainment of Independence, it undertook something more extravagant, more preposterous, than the pranks of Berquin's children. It undertook to reconcile slavery with freedom. The natural consequences have followed, and a crisis, not only painful but dangerous, is now upon us. But the nation, not yet so wise as the children in the story, not yet seeing the necessity of returning to the guidance of sound principle, is obstinately endeavoring to destroy the symptoms while it leaves the disease untouched; to throw off the consequences while it retains the cause; and to continue in the exercise of its childish independence, defying even the lessons of experience.

This destructive obstinacy seems to have infected alike the government and the people. We talk about preserving the Union—about fighting for the Union—seemingly unconscious that the old Union is gone, never to return. We can *never* stand together with the Southern States on the former footing—namely, as nominally equal partners, on condition of yielding to their dictation in all points where slavery is concerned. Even if we were base and mean enough to agree to this (which, to our shame, may yet be true), the South will not agree to it. She demands more. She undertakes to overthrow the national government because she cannot treat us *altogether* as she treats the slaves. It has come to this, that slavery must conquer or be conquered. A half-way success, on either side, is no longer possible. Victory, for the South, implies the enslavement of the whole Northern people. Victory, for the North, to insure a peace having any permanence or real value, necessitates the utter extirpation of slavery from the continent. Until we come clearly to understand this, and to direct the existing war to the accomplishment of this purpose, nothing is accomplished. Precious time, invaluable lives, oceans of treasure, a priceless opportunity, all are wasted.

"The war is not a war for abolition!"—continually cry the leaders of the old parties, and the conductors of a corrupt periodical press. Of course it is not! Everybody sees that the North took part in this war merely in self-defence—merely to prevent the seizure of the seat of government by lawless violence, and the capture or expulsion of the newly elected President—merely as a man instinctively puts out his hands to stop something that is rolling against him. Neither the national government nor the Northern people had the slightest idea of freeing the slaves, when they suddenly snatched up sword and rifle to meet the onset of the slaveholders! But what then? Having been forced into the war by the grossest of aggressions, are we still, and permanently, out of compliment to the enemy, to abstain from using the only means of carrying on the war successfully? The idea is preposterous! The war, having been, up to this point, one of simple (and absurdly scrupulous) self-defence, must *now* be directed to the utter overthrow of slavery, because only thus can the defence be made effectual, and permanent peace be secured. Our fathers foolishly tried to make a compact with a wolf. It is time for us to understand that a compact cannot bind a wolf, and that the beast must be *killed*.

One obstacle to the adoption of this course of action is—the President. He has it in his power to speak the word which would redeem the nation. As, for the needful exigencies of war, he has interfered with the *habeas corpus*, with freedom of speech and of the press, and with the rights of legislative assemblies, so he may, if he will, interfere with slavery. The state of war, ordinarily an unmitigated curse, is to him a blessing, since it unties his hands from the bonds of routine, the knots of red tape, the shackles of conventionalism. By virtue of the existing war, his power is so enlarged that he has but to speak, and it is done. His mandate can destroy slavery throughout the rebel States, and help the loyal ones to a speedy victory. If he chooses to perform the work of a statesman as well as of a Commander-in-Chief, and, looking beyond the termination of the present war, to do that which will best secure future prosperity with peace, he can declare slavery abolished through the whole country, thus relieving us, when the war shall end, from the fearful complication, else unavoidable, of negotiation to determine the wolf's length of chain, and limit of depredation. Abraham Lincoln can confer, if he will, an unspeakable blessing, not only upon the existing nation, but upon every member of every Administration that shall succeed him. We are bound in the Gordian knot, that every one, so far, has failed to untie. A strong man, a leader, a ruler, stands surveying it, and at that moment Providence puts a sword into his hand, and the voices of past history, of present necessity, and of a future whose weal or woe must be decided by his act, call upon him to Strike! In a moment the beneficent deed might be done, which would secure the purification of our country from her greatest blot, insure a steady progress towards success in our existing struggle, and do more than all things else towards our attainment of permanent prosperity! He stands inactive! He turns away from this duty! The hour is here, but not the man! It remains to be seen, as the last chance for our guilty and suffering nation, whether *the people* will demand of him the performance of this function, and, by an urgent statement of their will, counteract the inward and outward influences which now keep him silent.

THE PEOPLE, if they will, can do this needful work. Let those who are giving their sons, brothers, lovers, husbands to be swallowed up by this war—who are giving their treasures to pay its enormous cost—who are submitting to the other manifold evils which its indefinite continuance entails upon us—at least demand that it be conducted in the only manner that can render it successful. The government must needs bend to the popular will. Let the people, in every town whence a company of soldiers has gone out, in every place where sacrifices have been made to uphold the honor of the nation and to defend its flag, in every part of the North which suffers from the evils of war, and desires the restoration of honorable and permanent peace, sign the petition which is now in circulation, and swell the cry which calls upon Congress, at its coming session, to go to the very verge of its authority for the accomplisment of this indispensable work—the overthrow of the *cause* of the rebellion, to insure the defeat of the rebellion itself.

Are the people ready for this? Who can say? Experience must teach us. It seems now as if this were our only remaining chance of national recuperation and prosperity. If they will do this, our sin may yet be punished by something short of national ruin; something less than a sinking from partial freedom to military despotism; something less than an utter loss of the *chance* of establishing "free institutions." If we leave this duty unperformed in the critical moment now passing, it seems inevitable that we must fall like Lucifer—never to hope again!

THE COURT MORALIST.

WE need not go very far back into the centuries to come upon the time when it was necessary that all rulers and governors of the earth should keep a Court Fool and a Court Poet. A higher civilization, as all men know, has united the functions of these estimable characters by bestowing the bells and coxcomb of the one, and the servile sentimentalities of the other, upon a legitimate successor, the Court Moralist. Description of this exalted personage would be superfluous: his presence is universally recognized. He is ever publishing his sentiments in proclamations and manifestos, as a ceremonial accompaniment to acts politic or impolitic of those in authority. His apostleship bountifully fulfils the requirements of being all things to all men, and of becoming weak enough to suit the weakest of the brethren. His piety is always fashionably cut to the regulation pattern, and his bows to the popular ecclesiastical deity are performed with the grace of a dancing-master. His large charity embraces everything but small and improvident vices. Fugitive Slave laws, wholesale swindling, marauding in Mexico, he has ever been forward to take under his pious protection. There is a liberal exaltation and breadth of view in his version of Christianity which ought to convert any heathen who was not very vulgarly vicious.

The last piece of composition we have received from the hands of this functionary is the Proclamation for the recent Thanksgiving in Massachusetts. It is rumored that our Eastern friends felt small gratitude to Gov. Andrew for putting their simple saturnalia a week too soon. They murmured for the snow-in-the-air, brisk-of-winter feeling day, which old custom had connected with their festival, and which is hardly to be found except on the ultimate Thursday in November where it belongs. But, as it seems to us, they have ample amends for the mistakes of other officials in the jubilant utterances of the Court Moralist. All the timbrel and psaltery passages in the Psalms of David are at his fingers' ends, and he gives as minute a reference to chapter and verse as if he were fortifying a History of Civilization against malignant critics. Doubtless our neighbors have something to be thankful for. The revival of business and the Redemption of the World (we do not venture to disturb the official order of precedence) are certainly blessings for their grateful consideration. But moralists of no official position may well question whether this is just the time to do that public dancing before the Lord to which the people were so vehemently bidden. The feast of thanksgiving, according to the Divine parable, was only appropriate to him who had come to himself, and utterly renounced the vices which had devoured his living. But the Court Moralist invites the public Prodigal to mumm in the royal robe, and help himself to fatted calf, while proclaiming his intention of cleaving to the harlots who have brought him to misery. That there are individual and family occasions for thanksgiving throughout New England and the North, we assuredly believe; but for Thanksgiving in a public capacity we have little cause. God has given us the opportunity to crush an infamous rebellion, by removing the most shameless iniquity beneath His heavens. But we have, all the more, bowed and cringed before the Baal of Slavery, until actually kicked from the altar by his anointed priests. "The war will weaken slavery," so men cry; and so it may. But the humiliating fact remains that every paralysis of this Satanic power has not come from the virtue and foresight of freemen, but from the reckless insanity of slaveholders. At any stage of the conflict it would have been easy to secure a substantial triumph, had those at the head of affairs been bold enough to take the personal responsibility, to exercise the ordinary discretion, which men use in the common business of life. But we have had only insincere or timid statesmen, whose first business it was to coddle and cherish a popular reputation, and to listen nervously for dangerous election cries. Again and again in our history has this hot-house nursing of "popularity" been the fatal hinderance to all manly usefulness. We know the conflict of fermenting opinions, by which those in power will excuse the want of opinion in themselves. It is true that when a conviction in politics or morals is only to be had at the expense of personal trouble and neighborly distrust, the number of people desirous of arriving at such a conviction is indeed small. But it is just as true that the number who will follow a right policy, authoritatively declared by those appointed to watch and think for the country, is enormously large. What excuse for men who advertise themselves at election as sagacious to foresee and competent to direct—and then have no resource but to abandon the most solemn of religious duties, the most delicate of practical necessities, to the rush and fury of the common mind!

We would not be understood to imply any especial criticism of Gov. Andrew in what we have said of the established under-officer who writes the proclamations. Perhaps it was not worth while for the Governor to restrain the extatic ardors of his beatified scribe, since he had no power to abolish him altogether. To thinking men, however, Court Moralists—aye, and Court Fools too—cannot help preaching more wisely than they intend. "For the precious and rare possession of so much devoted valor and manly heroism," the document we have mentioned, in one of its simpler passages, enjoins gratitude. In that most painful tragedy the mind of man ever imagined, the King Œdipus of Sophocles, we are shown "devoted valor" and "manly heroism" overruled and rendered abortive by a terrible Destiny. *Fate is the ruler of men*, was the heathen belief; and so the poet could give the sublimity of predetermined necessity to the fruitless struggles of individuals. *Men are the masters of Fate*, is the Christian doctrine. Shame for us, a nation endowed with all the hard-earned knowledge of the ages, enlightened as never before by the Divine Light from Nazareth—shame for us to hold enthroned a more bloody and remorseless Tyranny than ever heathendom imagined, and thus to send forth our "devoted valor" and "manly heroism" to perish in vain.

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.

WE record this week the decease of one of the truest and wisest friends of the anti-slavery cause in all the land—one who gave himself without reserve to that cause for more than a quarter of a century, and who, by his noble qualities of head and heart, his wisdom in counsel and unshrinking boldness in action, won the admiration and the love of all his associates. The venerable and beloved FRANCIS JACKSON died at his residence in Boston, on Thursday morning, Nov. 14th, after a long and painful illness.

Mr. Jackson's connection with the anti-slavery cause dates from October, 1835, when the Boston mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" broke up a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, pillaged the Anti-Slavery Office, and dragged Mr. Garrison through the streets with a rope around his body, to the imminent peril of his life—a peril from which he was rescued only with great difficulty and by his being thrust into jail. It was at this very time, when the tide of public indignation was running against Abolitionists with overwhelming force, when the pulpit anathematized them and the press branded them as disturbers of the public peace, and when a misguided populace breathed out against them "threatenings and slaughter," that Mr. Jackson espoused their cause and threw open his house for a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. From that day forward he rejoiced in being known as an Abolitionist, and to the day of his death he never faltered in his devotion to the cause. A friend who knew him intimately, and who had the privilege of conversing with him only a few days before his death, writes: "'FAITHFUL FOREVER' may truly be applied to his single-minded, upright, truthful, benevolent, courageous and noble life. And what a loss to us! We shall almost feel lost without him. Such as he come but rarely; and to a cause so unpopular as ours the loss is especially great. But we shall be sure of his companionship and blessing still. None will ever take his place; we must endeavor all the better to fill our own."

It belongs to other pens and lips than ours to utter a fit eulogy of our departed friend. We can only pay now this brief but heartfelt tribute to his memory. Next week we hope to be able to publish a report of the funeral exercises, which took place on Monday morning last, at 11 o'clock. It was his request, we understand, that no clergyman should be asked to officiate, but that any of his friends, whether ministers or laymen, should be permitted to speak freely. It was expected that Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, and perhaps others, would embrace the opportunity thus offered to pay a worthy tribute to the memory of their departed friend and associate.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

GREEN, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THOUGH long expected, suddenly at last came to us, yesterday, the announcement of the death of our beloved friend, FRANCIS JACKSON. As by a miracle, his life has seemed, for a long time past, to have been continued that he might extend his career of noble activity and untiring philanthropic labor. Truly, in his death a father in the Israel of Anti-Slavery has gone—not lost, let us believe, to the cause of oppressed and suffering humanity, but, by the change of death, transferred to a new and still more important sphere of activity, to a yet greater fullness of life. In the light of unswerving rectitude, of conscientious adherence to convictions of duty, and of disinterested, open-handed benevolence, what a glorious example of true manhood and genuine excellence of character does his record leave to us. His memory will ever be revered for the strong arm of support, and the cordial welcome he extended to the anti-slavery movement in the hour of its feebleness and peril, in early days. Very largely has his steadfast practical cooperation with that movement, for a quarter of a century and upwards, contributed to render it the effective vital power it has proved itself in the land. How in contrast with the attitude of the public men of his time is his memorable letter to the Governor of Massachusetts resigning the commission he held from the State. Because it involved him as an accomplice in the crime of slaveholding, for conscience sake he resigned the commission. Who can estimate the value and importance of such an example of conscientious action in the midst of multitudes who are in guilty complicity with a great national crime? Some one has said that "one act of justice is worth seventy years of prayers," and here is an illustration thereof. Great is the impetus for good which precept receives from the force of such example. Alas! as one after another of these pioneer standard-bearers of the truth pass on to the next sphere of life, how very few there seem to be remaining who are willing, in the march forward, to strike the keynote upon the same unsullied, exalted strain. There are, it is true, a few men acting in authority (not yet removed by the Commander-in-Chief), who are talking of interfering with slavery, not because they are Abolitionists (that is, the friends of impartial liberty), but as "a military necessity." This talk is being reiterated by the people of the North. Meanwhile, in action thus far, slavery has been most tenderly and zealously cared for, that it might be strengthened rather than shorn of its former prestige and power. Supposing, however, as we hope that, ere the bloody contest is ended, this gigantic, organized iniquity shall receive its death-blow from the Northern military arm, how base and low, in history, will appear the motives of selfishness which prompted to such a result, in contrast with the spirit and labors of the anti-slavery movement, inspired with the love of liberty and justice for their own sake, and seeking the peaceful removal of slavery for the good of all mankind.

Personally, in common with many others, I shall ever have occasion to hold Mr. Jackson in grateful and affectionate remembrance. Most precious to me have been his wise counsels and his generous encouragement. In him every good cause, looking to human advancement, had an appreciative and true friend.

AARON M. POWELL.

A WORD FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

WE venture to publish this extract of a private letter from Parker Pillsbury, dated Concord, N. H., Nov. 19:

"I get here and there a wise man, or one who would be wise, to subscribe for THE STANDARD. I am sorry the number is so small; but people do not believe, or know, as I do, that THE STANDARD is really the best paper in America.

"And then, again, it is '*Give us, day by day, our* DAILY'—paper, that men now pray; and only a *weekly* sheet is of small account, to most persons.

"Dr. Cheever seems to me more really alive to the actual demands of the hour, than any other man now prominently before the public. This doctrine of the abolition of slavery at last, as '*a military necessity*,' is the rock on which we are in more danger of splitting than perhaps any other. That never was successfully done, and while God lives and reigns, it never can be done. It is, to me, the most God-insulting doctrine ever proclaimed; and how men of decent intelligence can complacently speak of it, is past finding out. Tell me not of 'French atheism,' in presence of a pulpit that ever comforts itself or its deluded followers with such blasphemy against the Holy Spirit of Truth! Such 'death-bed repentance' might save an individual sinner; but to no whole nation was it ever said, in its crucifixion agonies, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise'!

"I hope THE STANDARD will continue to be more and more faithful, even unto death; for never was its testimony more needed."

AMBROSE'S COAL OIL BURNER.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of "Ambrose's Patent Coal Oil, No Chimney Burner." Having tested the invention, we can confidently commend it as superior to everything except gas, and, in the steadiness of the flame, superior even to that. The production of a clear, strong and steady light from coal oil, without the incumbrance of a chimney (always liable to smoke and to get broken), has been a desideratum for years, and Mr. Ambrose, after many patient experiments, has attained the object. The light produced by his burner, attached to an ordinary lamp, is equal to that of four sperm candles, and as pleasant to the eye as could be desired. The apparatus for regulating the flame is simple, and may be easily fitted to all the old lamps in the house. It is particularly convenient for night purposes. It consumes kerosene only at the rate of one half pint in 20 hours. The lamps are so arranged that the oil cannot spill.

GOD'S LAW OF RETRIBUTION FOR NATIONS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the short life of individuals, the Law of Retribution, though ever striving to execute itself, has not time, always, to work out its full results and say to the world, "See the doom of the transgressor." Yet, even here, it exhibits its fearful record, in every age, of flagrant and oft-repeated crime followed by such terrible penalties as to attract all eyes to their judicial and retributive character.

In families the workings of this law are more manifest and startling. The punishment may not fully appear in the first generation; but the crime being augmented and perpetuated through successive generations, "the iniquity of the fathers" is, at length, "visited upon the children" by an overwhelming penalty, in the execution of which the house is broken, its riches scattered, its power dissolved, its members brought to the scaffold or the prison, or driven out to wander as vagabonds among men till "their memory is cut off from the earth."

But it is in God's dealings with nations, especially, that we see the Law of Retribution fully assert its authority, and inflict its sure and terrible punishment for sin. Here it sweeps on with a certainty that is absolute, and with a power of execution that is terrific and inexorable. A nation that lays its foundations in injustice, that organizes its institutions in conflict with personal rights and the laws of social order, thus sacrificing the well-being of the people to the demands of pride, luxury, ambition and despotic power, though it may flourish for awhile, by the strength of its armies and the plottings of its diplomacy, its doom, without repentance and reform, is inevitable. So uniformly and without exception does the history of nations show this statement to be true, that the facts of that history, touching the workings of this law, amount to an absolute demonstration of the righteous moral government of God over the world, and show that the laws of that moral government are as immutable in their fixedness and as certain in their operation as the laws that are established for the government of material things. Build your house too far from the line of perpendicular in which the law of gravitation operates, and it will fall. Construct your steam-boiler to stand a maximum pressure of ten pounds to the square inch, and then generate the steam within to an expansive power of twenty pounds to the inch, and it will explode. So let nations build their governments wide of the line of rectitude, framing into their political superstructures the rotten timbers of folly and expediency, and garnishing them with the fruits of robbery, slaughter and oppression, and they, too, shall crumble and perish. Let them generate, by their despotism and cruelty, the elements of discord, discontent and revenge, and explosion and wide-flaming revolution will ensue, hurling kings from their thrones and thrones from their foundations, whelming their power and glory in a wild chaos of anarchy and blood. Let them adopt the policy of aggression and conquest, and invade and despoil weak and defenceless countries, and drag their inhabitants into slavery, and there will result, forevermore, from such crimes, wars from without and servile insurrections from within, working their ruin and overthrow.

Government is "ordained of God," for the protection and welfare of the people. The ruler is to be "the minister of God for good," and "a terror to the evil." When these powers are perverted by a nation for the purposes of ambition, selfishness and oppression, it is equally ordained of God that its career shall have a limit. Its wickedness must sooner or later reach its culmination, and woe to the land and people when that hour arrives. The blind and maddened rulers may "build the tombs of their martyred heroes and prophets," and say, "if we had lived in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood that they shed," yet, while they practice the same wickedness with increased celerity, and slay their living prophets, and thus "fill up the measure of their fathers'" guilt, God, in retributive justice, will "bring upon them all the righteous blood that has been shed from the foundation of their nation" to the last victim of their own malevolent cruelty; and will wipe out their State and nationality from among men. Such was the fate of the Jewish commonwealth; and its doom was accompanied with such horrors of famine, massacre and captivity, that the world has shuddered at their recital; and for eighteen hundred years the nation, broken into fragments, has wandered over the earth to exhibit themselves among all the governments of the world as the thunder-scarred monuments of God's wrath, and perpetual proof of the sovereignty of His inexorable law and the certainty of its execution upon every rebel government against His throne.

Babylon, "which cut off and destroyed nations not a few," which "removed the bounds of the people, put down the inhabitants, robbed and gathered the riches of the whole earth," and crowned her guilt with "traffic in slaves and the souls of men," though she said: "I sit a queen and shall see no sorrow," yet God said, "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. She shall be brought down to hell. She that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms and destroyed the cities thereof, I will sweep with the besom of destruction." Within two hundred years the doom here predicted fell upon her; and for twenty-four hundred years her desolation and utter overthrow have proclaimed the sovereignty of God's inexorable Law of Retribution. And Egypt, the desolater and mighty oppressor, whose iron bondage made the people faint under their "heavy burdens," according to her foretold doom, was "laid waste and made desolate from the tower of Syene to the border of Ethiopia;" her cities were sacked, her pomp and glory spoiled, and all her multitudes destroyed; and the kingdom of the Pharaohs was blotted from among the sovereign nations of the earth.

In like manner the Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires—not to name a multitude of tribes and nations of less note—flourished for awhile, extending their dominions and subjugating nations by the most cruel, unjust and bloody wars that stain the page of ancient history, and in every case reducing large portions of the conquered people to the condition of absolute slavery. They thus violated the conditions of national existence, and, therefore, could not stand. God meted out to them, each and all, the penalty of their atheistic and audacious defiance of His authority and destruction of the rights of man, in blotting out their national life; for neither their wealth nor their armies were proof against the "devouring sword" of the Almighty. Let the God-defying and man-oppressing nations of these modern times mark well the direful overthrow of these wrecked kingdoms of antiquity, and read in them the doom that awaits themselves when once their cup of iniquity is full. For they, too, shall fall; and as they "go down to hell" all the blasted kingdoms of the old ages shall cry out from the bosom of oblivion: "How are ye fallen and become like unto us." Already the retribution is falling upon these nations. Turkey is well nigh extinct; the Austrian tyranny is tottering to its fall; the Papal despotism is smitten of God, and the sceptre of power is falling from its hand. The next rise of the curtain, the next scene of the rapidly-unfolding drama will show the problem worked out with all these doomed tyrannies, and make good the word of the Almighty—that "the nation and kingdom that will not serve Him shall utterly perish."

Here, then, in looking back through all the ages, we see the immutable principle forever asserting itself, that the forfeiture of nationality is the penalty of the perversion of the national powers and privileges to the purposes of cruelty and oppression.

Our own nation, planted by men who had left the despotisms of the Old World professedly to organize a better social state in the New, has followed in the track of its predecessors, by mingling with its foundations the elements of injustice in planting slavery in its young colonies and engaging in the inhuman African slave trade to strengthen and perpetuate the diabolical crime. For one hundred and fifty years, during the colonial state of the nation, the evil slowly and steadily grew till, at the organization of the Federal government, there were found half a million of human beings grinding in the prison-house of bondage. In originating the government the fathers were bound to proclaim liberty to these suffering bondmen. They were bound to do this by the oath they had sworn to be true to freedom, and by the blood of both black men and white men which had been shed and mingled together in a seven years' war to make that oath effective. But in defiance of the Declaration of Independence, in disregard of the Constitution they had just adopted, in violation of their solemn oath, in selfish contempt of the blood and perils of the revolution, and in steeled indifference to the agonies and shrieks of the victims of oppression crying out for deliverance, they started off in their national career, leaving one-sixth of the whole population in a state of bondage more terrible than ever pressed upon the body and soul of a Greek, or Roman, or Algerine slave. The several departments of the government proceeded to exercise their functions on the assumption of the slaveholders' right to hold their slaves and be protected therein under the Constitution. A fugitive slave bill was immediately passed, and thus the foul treachery to God and human freedom was fully inaugurated, inflicting on hundreds of thousands then living, and on millions yet unborn, "a bondage," to use the words of Jefferson, "one hour's endurance of which is more terrible than whole ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to resist." They could not endure a union with Britain at a cost of a three-penny tax on tea, but to effect a union with slaveholders they could sacrifice whole hecatombs of their fellow-men, guilty of a skin not colored like their own, to the bloody Moloch of slavery. It is true, it was not the cruel and infernal purpose of the fathers, like that of modern slaveholders, to make slavery eternal; but the thing itself was none the less cruel and unjust, and was, manifestly, done against their own convictions, partly as a peace offering to certain slaveholding States, and partly in the self-flattering expectation that a growing spirit of freedom and an increasing unprofitableness of slavery would work its gradual extinction. But alas! instead of a gradual extinction of this high crime of the nation, we have had its rapid growth and extension. Every successive Administration has admitted the right of the Slave Power, and prostituted itself to serve its mercenary and merciless designs. At its bidding the government has waged cruel wars against the Indian tribes and a sister republic. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory have either been purchased or plundered, to add to the slaveholders' dominions, to enable them to work out their scheme of unparalleled despotism. So that, instead of now having a half dozen States and a few hundred thousand slaves subject to their iron rule, they have reduced half a continent to their tyrannic sway, wetting it with the tears and blood of millions whom they have robbed of every right and every pleasure.

And this is the nation that declared "all men created equal and endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; that poured out the blood of the people like water in professed defence of that declaration, and "appealed to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions" in making that profession and in shedding that blood. It has set itself up as the model republic and the beacon light of the nations; and yet it has robbed the poor, fastened the chains of slavery on one-sixth of its inhabitants, converted every rood of its soil into a hunting-ground, where men and helpless women and children are the prey, and every citizen is constituted, by Congressional edict, a bloodhound upon their track. It has denied a large portion of its free population the right of suffrage, excluded them from its public schools, its churches, its public conveyances, the learned professions, and from the more honorable and lucrative departments of business, merely for the color of their skin. It has immured in prisons honorable and virtuous citizens, and destroyed or taken from them their property for giving a cup of water, or a piece of bread, or a night's lodging, or conveyance on his way to a weary, hunted fugitive. The Constitution of the country and the sacred name of law have been perverted to justify and shield all this. The human statute has been set up above the law of God, and thus a bold, blasphemous atheism has been practically inaugurated in the land by the national authority, the pulpit, the press, and the great body of the people. Edicts that tread under their sacrilegious feet the precepts of Christianity, that dethrone the human consoience and the authority of God, have been set up as *law*—as a rule of action for a professedly Christian people. Did ever a nation before so effectually forswear itself by plunging from the highest professions of loyalty to the eternal principles of justice to the performance of the most terrible deeds of selfishness, cruelty, oppression and atheism? Were the Constitutions and statute books of the nation written all over with the name of God, instead of lessening it would heighten its hypocrisy and guilt. God and nature cry out against these things. The instincts of man and the human conscience unite with the written word of God in a universal and eternal protest against them, involving a conflict which, continued beyond a certain culminating point without the evil peacefully giving way to these Divine forces, must, by the ordainment of immutable law, terminate in blood. "Thus saith the Lord, shall I not visit for these things? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" That point, where a peaceful settlement of the slavery question was at all probable, was passed several years ago. Those who had studied, with any degree of earnestness and honesty, the principles of God's moral government over the world, and had marked the sure punishment that had invariably followed the incorrigible wickedness of nations, saw, many years ago, that the career of the Slave Power, pampered and compromised with by the nation, would, with irresistible necessity, produce the disruption of parties, the dissolution of the Union and inevitable civil war.

In 1847, the writer of this published an article, entitled, "Slavery—The Crisis," in which, after tracing the despotic strides of the Slave Power through the preceding years, occur the following passages: "This progress of the Slave Power has, at length, brought on the crisis. The annexation of Texas and the Mexican war have forced the question of slavery upon the people as a *national* question. It must and will be considered even in the face of threatened dissolution of the Union—nay, though dissolution were the inevitable result. Compromise will still be attempted and may be effected, but it will only make the collision of antagonistic forces the more cert

renown. But if the supineness of the people, or the madness, cowardice, or imbecility of the government, shall prevent them from obeying God, and shall drive them on in rebellion against His throne, in the audacious attempt to reconstruct the Union on the basis of slavery by conducting the war to this end, then the life of the nation shall pay the forfeiture; for "strong is the Lord God that judgeth her." "Thus saith the Lord; the nation or kingdom that will not serve Me shall be wasted; yea, that nation shall utterly perish." Through what bloody disasters and defeats in both armies; through what revolts among the soldiers; through what fierce conflicts among the people; through what insurrections among the slaves; through what divisions and subdivisions of the national territory this overthrow of the republic will be accomplished, lies hid in the bosom of the unknown but not far distant future. Our destiny trembles in the balance. Heaven now bends to hear the nation's cry of repentance, and behold it strike the manacles from its millions of bondmen, and exalt the Constitution as the shield of liberty for all. The angels are ready to shout their loud hallelujahs over the edict of emancipation and the salvation of the republic, and join their voices with those of the millions of the emancipated and the emancipators in the choral anthem of liberty, unity and love. Shall Heaven bend to receive us, and accept our repentance in vain? Shall angels, instead of chanting the song of freedom and thrilling heaven with their joy, utter a shriek of horror at the rushing doom of our incorrigible nation? Heaven and earth, the celestial spheres and the anxious nations of the globe, await the momentous decision. "Be wise now, therefore, O ye rulers; be instructed, ye judges of the land. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled against you, and He shall break the nation with a rod of iron, and dash it to pieces as a potter's vessel."

New York, November 15, 1861. D. PLUMB.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1861.

THERE is a turn in the tide of the affairs of the nation, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, the rebels have seen their happiest days—as rebels—and will hereafter learn the uses of adversity. The success of the expedition sent to the Carolina coast is one reason for indulging in this hope and belief, and but one. The principal one is of a different character. He must be blind indeed who has not perceived within a few days that the Administration, from one cause or another, has been very rapidly drifting towards an emancipation policy. The advance of the government within a few days on this question has been very decided. It may be alleged by some that the government is not in the least committed by the utterances of Burnside, Cochrane, or Secretary Cameron; but your correspondent knows that these men, everyone of them, are cautious men, and never put themselves into the boat which is to go upon the breakers. First, Gen. Burnside in New York talks quite boldly on the emancipation question. Col. John Cochrane next makes a straight-out speech to his regiment, in which he advocates *putting arms into the hands of slaves*, if necessary, to carry the war to a successful issue! Think of this, please! The Hon. and Col. John Cochrane, who, a few years ago—aye, one year ago—was a bitter pro-slavery Democrat, now openly advocates setting the slaves loose among their masters with guns in their hands! He takes good care to tell us this is not Abolitionism, this is not the old-fashioned idea of emancipation. He is right. No Abolitionist dreamed of arming the slave population, or of exciting bloody insurrection over the South. This is the idea of John Brown, perhaps, and John Cochrane has taken it from the dead hero and adopted it as his own.

The best part of the story is, that Mr. Secretary Cameron was present and heard the whole speech, and, when it was finished, declared before the troops assembled, that he agreed to every word of it. Here was the head of the most important department declaring himself as in favor of slave insurrections, in a certain contingency, all over the South.

As for Mr. Cochrane, there can be no doubt of his sincerity. When the war broke out last spring, he took precisely this position in private conversation with his friends, and has not abandoned it for a moment since. He does not view the matter in a humanitarian light at all, but as a matter of military necessity. This is all we can expect from such a man, or from any men who were never anti-slavery in their views. It is enough if such men will perceive the necessity of destroying slavery as the surest means of crushing out the rebellion.

The pro-slavery press stands ready to cry out against the anti-slavery or emancipation policy, if the slaves of South Carolina do not immediately rush to the embrace of Gen. Sherman. Yet Gen. Sherman does not give them a welcome, but rather intimates in his address to the slaveholders of South Carolina his disposition to return slaves to their masters. I have good occasion to believe that the address alluded to does not fully meet with the approbation of Secretary Cameron, though President Lincoln may endorse it.

Some facts have come to my knowledge within a week, which lead me to think that injustice may possibly have been done to Mr. Seward in the course of this correspondence. This is among the possibilities, and seeing that such is the fact, let me state it. It seems to be admitted that Mr. Seward was the last man in the Cabinet to give his consent to the removal of Gen. Fremont. His friends assert also that all the bold arrests of traitors and treason-mongers over the country have been made by the advice and command of Mr. Seward, and that the intrepid policy of the government in Maryland, which secured a majority Union vote in the State, was suggested by the Secretary of State. They declare, further, that Mr. Seward is rigidly opposed to all compromises with rebels, and that no man in the Cabinet is so determinedly bent on the suppression of the rebellion as Mr. Seward. As I have occasionally expressed my opinions with freedom concerning Mr. Seward (and expect to do so again hereafter), I state these things that I may do injustice to no man. Time will show who is honestly opposed to compromise, who is sagacious as a statesman, and who is not.

Those Northern journals that have undertaken to defend the Administration in a supposed anti-emancipation policy must be puzzled to know what to do since Mr. Cameron's endorsement of Col. Cochrane's speech. *The Herald*, *World*, and other journals of that stamp, are evidently at sea without chart or compass. They thought they knew their proper course, but are suddenly in a fog. The Administration, they were sure, was fully decided on a pro-slavery policy, but the sentiment of the people is so intelligible on this subject that the Administration must heed it. Beside, the progress of the war is making emancipationists of pro-slavery people. I hear that even Joe Holt of Kentucky is getting sick of the business of protecting the *property* of pro-slavery traitors and rebels, and says that the war must take its course, even if it be across the "peculiar institution." This is the growing sentiment here, so that I can honestly chronicle it as *the fact of the week*. The news of the success of the fleet reached here during the week, but it was not of so much importance as this I now allude to—the great fact that the Administration is swinging round to the right position respecting the slavery question. Nobody asks Mr. Lincoln to turn Abolitionist, or to violate any of his convictions. He is simply asked, if he wishes to prosecute the war at all, to do it in the manner least calculated to injure the people of the North. He is asked to save money and life, by striking at the South where she is weakest. To put down the rebellion and leave slavery untouched will require a dozen years of warfare, and money enough to sink the free States into the mire for a century thereafter. But strike at slavery, and the result must be speedy surrender—or else it is impossible to conquer back the seceded States. Secretery Cameron is evidently on the right track. If the other members of the Administration will take his ground all will yet be well. Mr. Lincoln is timid, but there is reason to believe that he at least approves of the Cochrane and Cameron doctrine.

The new excitement in Washington and over the country is of course about the Mason and Slidell affair. What is to be done about it? These hoary old traitors are in our power. That is one established fact. But will John Bull put up with our method of getting them? All sorts of opinions are afloat here. Some say that the rebels will yet be put aboard a Boston steamer for Liverpool, and allowed to go on their way rejoicing. Others feel certain that, come what will, the government will never relinquish its hold upon them, till the war is over. Mr. Seward, I believe, will take bold ground on the subject, and will hold that, according to British practice, we had the right to take Mason and Slidell even from the deck of a British mail steamer. He will maintain this ground if possible. But there is no real danger that it will lead to a rupture with England. If the case is a clear one for us, England will not risk a war to have her way, and if it is not a clear one for us, this government will hardly risk a war upon it. Apologies will be made, if they are deserved, while Mason and Slidell remain in Fort Warren. They are not English subjects, and the British government can have no concern for their fate, or should have none, while the act, if condemned, can be apologized for. It is said that Mr. Seward will agree to make an apology if the British government will formally abandon the right of search, but this may be mere rumor. It might not be a bad way to settle the vexed question.

Gen. Dix seems still to wallow in the slough of slavery. In his proclamation to the people of Northampton and Accomac Counties, Virginia, he is very tender of the institution of slavery and harsh in his bearing towards the slaves. No slaves shall come within our lines, he says, and we can infer that if they do come they will be returned to their masters. It is said that a bill will be presented at an early day for the action of Congress, which will forbid the return of slaves by any officer of the army. It is to be hoped that such a bill will pass into a law, for it is needed. A majority of the regular army officers are pro-slavery in their feelings, and cannot be trusted. They need *laws* for their guidance, and if they refuse to obey the laws of the land, let them be broken. AVON.

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

THE undersigned, citizens of State of , respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

☞ *Editors of newspapers are requested to give this Memorial one or more insertions in their columns.*

Printed copies of the above Memorial may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and of Joel McMillan, Salem, Ohio. Persons applying to Mr. McMillan will enclose payment at the rate of $1.25 per hundred, to cover cost of paper and printing.

SLAVE-TRADERS CAUGHT.—Mr. Appleton Oakes Smith (son of Mr. Seba* and Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith), of this city, long suspected of being extensively engaged in the foreign slave trade, was arrested on Sunday night last at Penataquit, on the South shore of Long Island, near Patchogue, together with 19 sailors whom he had enlisted for a slave voyage, and whom he was seeking to put on board the bark Augusta, lately condemned as a slaver and released on bond to await a new trial. The Marshal has taken measures to secure the bark, which will probably be found to contain evidence of Smith's guilt, and if so, we hope he may be convicted and suffer the penalty of the law as an example to others. He has been able heretofore to escape the meshes of the law, but Marshal Murray is a different man from the late Marshal Rynders, and the government at Washington is no longer under the direct control and direction of the slaveholders. The President, however he may hesitate to give freedom to the slaves by the exercise of the War Power, is evidently laboring in good faith to break up the foreign slave trade.

Later.—Mr. Smith and his companions were brought to the city handcuffed on Tuesday morning. Mr. Smith, for some unexplained reason, was sent to Fort Lafayette—his associates to the Toombs. The vessel has also been seized by the Marshal.

* Author of the Jack Downing letters.

CHESS BALL GAME.—Dr. Dio Lewis, the accomplished teacher of Gymnastics and Principal of the New Gymnasium in Boston, has invented a game admirably adapted for family use, and combining in a high degree the advantages of healthful exercise and social amusement. It is called the Chess Ball Game, and is thus described. Sixteen pins are set up in a certain order on a triangular table, one foot high. These pins are of different sizes and values, and bear the names used in chess, viz.: queen, king, bishops, etc. The game is to knock down these pins by the toss of an india-rubber ball, and the skill of the player is shown in hitting the pins, *one at a time*, according to their value, the queen counting 50, the king 40, the bishops 30, others less, according to their place on the table. If more than one pin is knocked down by a single throw, even though they be those of the highest value, each scores but one in the game. Behind the table is placed a bag, adjusted to a wide frame, to catch the spent balls. Any number of persons, from two to a dozen or more, may take part in the game, which is hardly less exhilarating than ten-pins. The apparatus may be set up in any room of ordinary size, and removed when the play is over. The introduction of this game would be a source of health and pleasure to any family. Address Dr. Dio Lewis, the inventor and proprietor, 20 Essex street, Boston.

ANTI-SLAVERY ENVELOPES.—Our friends in Philadelphia have got up an envelope that ought to come into general use, at least among Abolitionists. It bears on one side the picture of the Old Liberty Bell, with the motto distinctly legible, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land," and on the other the Memorial to Congress which we have been for some time commending for circulation. An envelope of this kind has been felt to be a desideratum, and we have no doubt its use will be productive of much good. It is a cheap and convenient, and at the same time an effective, method of circulating anti-slavery truth. The article can be had at either of the anti-slavery offices at 40 cents a hundred. A package of 25 will be sent by mail, post paid, to anyone who will enclose 15 cents in postage stamps to either Mr. Wallcut at Boston, Oliver Johnson at New York or J. M. McKim, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST.—We can heartily endorse the commendation bestowed upon this paper by *The Independent*, which says: "It is edited with masterly strength and courage. It takes higher ground against slavery than either of the other two Baptist journals of New York. Its leading editorial is oftentimes of the character of a review article, stating its positions with great force and often with fine eloquence. Its views of public affairs are sagacious, discriminating and just." The "higher ground against slavery," taken by *The American Baptist*, is the ground taken by Abolitionists for thirty years, viz., the ground that slaveholding is sinful, and immediate emancipation a duty—the very ground which *The Independent* has always refused to take, and in opposition to which it has expended whole columns of subtle metaphysics and special pleading.

CHARLES SUMNER IN NEW YORK.—Our readers in this city and vicinity will be not a little gratified in seeing the announcement in our columns that CHARLES SUMNER will deliver a lecture at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday evening next, under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Union, upon "The Rebellion, its Origin and Mainspring." No reader of this journal needs to be told that Mr. Sumner regards the accursed system of slavery as the source of our natipnal troubles, and that he holds it to be at once the right and the duty of the government, under the War Power, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." His lecture will set the subject in a light so clear as to remove the scruples of all loyal citizens and put to flight the objections and cavils so constantly urged by those who, under professions of loyalty, are in sympathy with the rebels.

TRACT FOR THE DAY.—"The War and Slavery; or, Victory only through Emancipation," is the title of a tract of 8 pages, just published at this office. It is a reprint of an excellent article, from the pen of D. PLUMB, which appeared in this paper a few weeks since, and which leading friends of the cause deem worthy of the widest circulation at the present crisis. It is not for sale, but for gratuitous distribution. Friends of the cause, who know where light is needed and would be welcomed in respect to the duty and policy of Emancipation under the War Power, are requested to call at this office at once and take as many copies as they can distribute judiciously.

REV. HIRAM P. CROZIER, Pastor of the Universalist Church in Huntington, and long known as an Abolitionist, is engaged in delivering patriotic addresses at various points on Long Island. He has already spoken some twenty-five times, to over 6,000 people, enlisted 150 volunteers, organized ten Sewing Leagues, and raised $200 for hospital garments—all in Suffolk County.

LECTURES IN WASHINGTON.—We learn that the friends of freedom in Washington are making arrangements for a course of lectures in that city during the approaching winter, and that among those invited to lecture are Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, George W Curtis and Dr. Cheever. We certainly hope the plan may succeed. It will be like letting fresh air into a dungeoon.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES?—This question will be answered, "in the light of God's Word," by Dr. Cheever, on Sunday evening next, in the Church of the Puritans. Those who need light on this point, or help in answering the cavils and objections encountered on every side, should attend.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE time for the ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY again draws nigh, and we look forward to it with pleasure, as the means of meeting familiar, friendly faces, and listening to earnest words of counsel and encouragement. Some say that other agencies are now in such active operation, that "the old Abolitionists," as they are called, can well afford to rest upon their oars, while others carry forward their work to its completion. We cannot view the subject in this light. Our mission is the same now that it was thirty years ago. Through many and strange changes, we have slowly but steadily advanced toward its fulfilment; but there are many indications that our work is not yet in a state to be safely left in other hands. We have been, and we must still be, a fire to warm the atmosphere of public opinion. More than a quarter of a century ago, the fire was kindled with generous zeal, and year after year it has been fed with untiring industry and patience. Not all the cold water that politicians, merchants, and ecclesiastical bodies could throw upon it has sufficed to extinguish the flame, or even to prevent it from spreading. The moral thermometer can never again fall to the old freezing point. In view of this, we thank God, and take courage. But who that observes passing events, and reflects upon their indications, can arrive at the conclusion that the fire is no longer needed?

It is true that blood and treasure are lavishly expended to put down a most wicked and sanguinary rebellion, the proclaimed purpose of which is to extend and perpetuate SLAVERY. But the government of the United States manifests, in every possible way, a vigilant carefulness to protect the claims of slavery, and politicians are continually announcing that the war has nothing to do with the cause of the war. There are now very few slaveholders who condescend to profess allegiance to the government; yet, small as is the remnant of that powerful and unprincipled oligarchy, they still appear to govern the counsels of the nation. The honest expression of the PEOPLE'S wishes is required to be suppressed, lest the utterance should prove offensive to this arrogant minority, so long accustomed to rule the majority. The people are full of generous enthusiasm for their country. If the polar star of a great idea were presented to them, they would follow it with eager courage through suffering and death. But it seems to be the aim of politicians to create a fog so dense that neither star nor sunlight shall glimmer through it to guide the millions, who are longing to be led in the right direction.

Is *this* a time to let the sacred fire smoulder on the altar of freedom? On the contrary, there has never been a time when it was more necessary to watch it with vigilance, and feed it with untiring activity.

We, Abolitionists, still have unwavering faith that "a straight line is always the shortest, in morals as well as in mathematics." Politicians are always in need of being convinced of this obvious truth; and they are peculiarly in need of it now. Let us, then, continue to work for the good old cause in every way that is consistent with our own conscientious convictions. Let us meet together, that our hearts may be cheered and our hands strengthened for whatsoever work the God of the oppressed may call upon us to do.

All those who have faith in the principles of freedom, all who believe that the effect of righteousness would be peace and security for our unhappy country, are cordially and earnestly invited to meet us at the usual time and place in Boston, in January next. [Particulars hereafter.]

Contributions, and expressions of sympathy, from friends at home or abroad, in person or by letter, will be most thankfully received; for we have great need of both at this most momentous and trying crisis.

L. Maria Child,
Mary May,
Louisa Loring,
Henrietta Sargent,
Sarah Russell May,
Helen Eliza Garrison,
Anna Shaw Greene,
Sarah Blake Shaw,
Elizabeth Gay,
Caroline Thaver,
Abby Kelley Foster,
Lydia D. Parker,
Augusta G. King,
Mattie Griffith,
Mary Jackson,
Evelina A. Smith,
Caroline M. Severance,
Mary Willey,
Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Sarah P. Remond,
Mary E. Stearns,
Sarah J. Nowell,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Anne Langdon Alger,
Eliza Apthorp,
Sarah Cowing,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Sarah C. Atkinson,
Abby Francis,
Mary Jane Parkman,
Georgiana Otis,
Abby H. Stephenson.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar.

THIS Fair will be held in the city of Philadelphia, in the month of December, 1861. It is the purpose of its managers to conduct it in a manner suited to the exigencies of the present times, diminishing, as far as possible, its expenses, and furnishing it with such articles as command a sale even in seasons of commercial embarrassment. We deem it necessary to remind the friends of the anti-slavery cause in Pennsylvania that an unusual effort will this year be required for the replenishment of our treasury. In seasons of pecuniary embarrassment, resulting from any cause, Anti-Slavery Societies, as all others, must suffer some diminution of their supplies: but the long-tried fidelity and zeal of the Pennsylvania Abolitionists inspires us with confidence in our appeal to them to meet an unusual demand with unusual energy.

Our thirty years' war for freedom *seems* about to culminate in victory. But many a battle has been lost by too much haste in accounting it won. Until its proclamation of liberty to the slaves proves that this nation has discovered, and is willing to acknowledge, the real cause and only true remedy for the Southern rebellion and consequent civil war, the American Abolitionists will continue to hold their solemn responsibility to the slave, and to the country. Until such proclamation shall usher in the jubilee, our work will not be done. But working as we now are, with the end almost in sight, extraordinary effort for its consummation becomes easy.

With this view of our cause, we ask our coadjutors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware to put their hands once more to the work of conducting our Annual Fair with the energy and wisdom which the exigencies of the hour demand; not doubting that they who, through the long years of our conflict, have stood firm in heart and hope and faith, will wield their weapons faithfully, unto the end.

Sarah Pugh,
Margaret J. Burleigh,
Anna M. Child,
Ellen M. Child,
Sarah L. Child,
Elizabeth Clendennon,
Maria Conklin,
Agnes Crain,
Maria M. Davis,
Margaretta Forten,
Martha A. Galvin,
Lydia Gillingham,
Sarah K. Gillingham,
Mary Grew,
Margaret A. Griscom,
Sarah C. Hallowell,
Rebecca S. Hart,
Anna M. Hopper,
Jennette Jackson,
Clementina G. John,
Gulielma M. Jones,
Huldah Justice,
Anna R. Justice,
Sarah Kenderdine,
Abby Kimber,
Martha Kimber,
Lucretia Mott,
Sarah A. McKim,
Emma Parker,
Sarah H. Peirce,
Ruth Anna Peirce,
Rebecca Plumly,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Mary Shaw,
Susan W. Shaw,
Annie Shoemaker,
Martha Shoemaker,
Mary T. Stickney,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Emily W. Taylor,
Rosanna Thompson,
Lydia White,
Rachel Wilson.

NOTICE.—Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society entitled to receive the Annual Report just published will have their copies forwarded by mail upon their remitting the amount of postage (in stamps or otherwise), viz.: *fourteen cents*, to ROBERT F. WALLCUT, 221 Washington street, Boston.

Chronicles of the War.

Arrest of Rebel Commissioners.

Messrs. Slidell and Mason, the Commissioners of Jefferson Davis's rebel government to France and England, who lately succeeded in running the blockade at Charleston, and reaching Havana, and who afterwards took passage with their Secretaries and families for England in the British mail steamer Trent, were captured by Commander Wilkes, of the U. S. war steamer San Jacinto, and are now prisoners of the United States at Fort Warren, Boston harbor. The circumstances of their capture are thus stated by the correspondent of *The Tribune* at Fortress Monroe:

"Commodore Wilkes was lately ordered out to the coast of Africa, to bring home the San Jacinto. Reaching Havana on his return, he learned from the American Consul that Mason and Slidell had run the blockade in the Theodora, and had, or were about to embark at that port in the English Mail steamer for England on their mission of treason. He determined in his own mind to block the business, and left for the Bahama Channel, where he cruised four or five days, during which time he communicated his purpose to the other officers. They all unhesitatingly gave their assent. Shortly after, the British steamer was sighted and signalled. Lieut. Fairfax, of the best Virginia blood, and personally acquainted with the rebel ministers, with a boat's-crew, went alongside. On gaining the deck of the steamer, Lieut. F. informed the commander that the purpose of his visit was to take a look among his passengers, of whom there were a large number. Seeing and nearing Mason and Slidell, he informed those gentlemen that the commander of the San Jacinto, then lying in a provokingly significant position at convenient distance, desired their presence on board. About this time the English mail agent, with pistol in hand, made his appearance and began to talk considerably about the 'd—d Yankee pirates,' whereupon Lieut. Fairfax advised the English captain to remove the excited individual or he would be compelled to resort to unpleasant measures. This advice was heeded. Allowing them a few moments to prepare for the visit, the nature of which they fully comprehended, Lieut. Fairfax explaining that he wished to detain the steamer that had so obligingly stopped as short a time as possible, Mason and Slidell were assisted to the gangway by Lieut. F. and his men, just enough to overcome the resistance, more technical than real, shown to the removal. These gentlemen being seated in the boat, Lieut. Fairfax returned on board the English steamer, and politely informed the two secretaries of Mason and Slidell. Messrs. Eustis and McFarland, that, as he desired to avoid any unnecessary separation, they were invited to accompany the aforesaid gentlemen; in fact, and briefly, it was necessary that they should do so and that they would take seats with them in the same boat. The persuasion was irresistible, and a ready compliance was the consequence. And so, politely thanking the captain of the British Mail steamer for his courtesies, and apologizing for the necessity in the case for stopping him even for so short a time, and hoping him a speedy and safe passage, Lieut. Fairfax entered his own boat, and the astonished, wrathful Englishman went on his way. Mason and Slidell were politely received on board the San Jacinto, by Capt. Wilkes, to whom they were not strangers, and who briefly informed them that he felt it his duty to take them somewhat out of the accustomed route to England, whither he knew they were proceeding to further the plot for destroying the country and government of which he was an officer, and to which he believed he was rendering good service by arresting them wherever he could find them, as he should all other traitors.

"On the British mail steamer were the families of the rebel ministers, who kept on their course to England. Commander Wilkes did not search, or in any manner interfere with, their baggage, and they were allowed to make such disposition in that respect as they chose."

The San Jacinto, with the distinguished prisoners on board, arrived at this port on Monday evening, and was boarded by U. S. Marshal Murray with dispatches from Washington for Commodore Wilkes, ordering him to proceed with his vessel to Boston, which he did at once, the Marshal remaining on board to take charge of the rebel commissioners.

The news of the capture, which first reached New York on Saturday, created an intense excitement. Congratulations in view of the capture were mingled at first with apprehensions that the act might prove to have been a violation of international law, and thus lead to serious difficulty with England. An examination of the authorities by competent persons soon led to the conviction that Commodore Wilkes had infracted no provision of the international code and violated no right of the British government. We have not room to cite the authorities bearing on the case, but our readers will no doubt see them in other papers.

The arrest is an event scarcely inferior in importance to the capture of Beaufort, and cannot fail to have a depressing influence upon the confederate traitors. Their main reliance from the beginning has been the hope that England and France would take their side, and, for the sake of cotton, break our blockade. Disappointed thus far in their expectations, they concluded to send out two new agents, and selected for the service Messrs. Slidell and Mason, upon whose influence in pleading their cause they placed great reliance.

John M. Mason, we need not remind our readers, is the infamous framer of the Fugitive Slave law. He is one of the most insolent and overbearing of the whole plantation breed of politicians. A few years ago, Anthony Burns, under the provisions of the diabolical statute framed by Mason, was taken down Boston harbor, a prisoner of the United States, to be thrust into the hell of slavery; now the author of that law is brought into the same harbor, a prisoner of the same government, upon a charge of treason! The contrast between these two events is most striking and suggestive.

John Slidell was born in New York in 1793. Early in life, says *The Tribune*, he went to the South, having been detected in an infamous crime, from the immediate consequences of which he escaped by sliding down a water-pipe from a chamber-window. A duel afterward followed, and having nearly added murder to adultery he fled. He was the son of a tallow-chandler, a parentage of which he had the weakness to be ashamed, and which was a source then, and probably is now, of continual mortification. It is related of him that on one occasion in conversation with a lady, noted and dreaded for her wit, he expressed a desire for foreign travel. "Ah!" said the lady, "I have no doubt you would find yourself very much at home in *Greece!*" Slidell withdrew precipitately from the encounter. "That young man," said his persecutor, as he retreated, "needs to be *dipped* over again, for he has not been well *molded*." He will now be put where he can reflect at his leisure upon the peaceful and respectable qualities of the father and grandfather—who was also a tallow-chandler—of whom he has always been ashamed.

Arrest of Ex-Senator Gwin and Others.

On board the steamship Champion, which arrived at this port on the 15th. from Aspinwall, were ex-Senators Gwin and Brent, and Calhoun Benham, the Attorney-General of the State of California under the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, brought to this city under arrest, by order of Gen. Sumner, who also arrived, together with several companies of regular soldiers, and a considerable quantity of small arms. The arrested persons took passage from San Francisco to Panama on board the Orizaba, with the intention, as is believed, of making their way to New Orleans from some of the West India islands. Before arriving at Panama, however, they were placed under arrest by Gen. Sumner, who, it appears, had sufficient knowledge of their intentions to warrant him in the course he adopted. They were conveyed across the Isthmus under guard of the National troops, notwithstanding a protest on the part of the New Granadian authorities, who considered such a proceeding a violation of the neutrality. The force at the command of Gen. Sumner was too formidable to be interfered with, or a forcible rescue would probably have been made. The prisoners were, unfortunately, allowed to destroy a quantity of documents while on board the Orizaba, by throwing them overboard. They were sent to Fort Lafayette.

Latest From Beaufort, S. C.

The following account of an effort to carry Gen. Sherman's proclamation to the South Carolina rebels cannot fail to amuse our readers. We copy from the correspondence of the N. Y. *Express*:

"*Hilton Head, Nov. 16.*—On the 14th inst., Gen. Sherman dispatched one of his aids, Lieut. Gen. Wagner, to carry the proclamation he issued immediately after landing, to the people of South Carolina. The General could not at first determine how it should reach those to whom it was addressed, except through the New York papers. Lieut. Wagner, however, volunteered to perform the dangerous duty of carrying the proclamation into the interior. He was accompanied by Dr. Bacon, of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers. They left here early in the morning, on the gunboat Seneca, and landed at Beaufort. Here they found mules, and having previously provided themselves with saddles, started inward across the island of Port Royal. None of our forces had advanced beyond Beaufort, and the mission was at once perilous and delicate. Lieut. Wagner carried a flag of truce, but bore no mission to the military authorities. He had a letter of credence from Gen. Sherman, indicating his errand, a copy of the proclamation, and an open letter to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a clergyman of Beaufort. A letter from this gentleman to Gen. Sherman was found on his table in Beaufort a day or two previous, asserting that he was a British subject, and claiming protection. Mr. Wilson fled with the other whites, and Gen. Sherman's proclamation assured him that no harm would be done either to him or his property, or indeed to any peaceable, inoffensive citizens. Mr. Wagner's instructions were to find, if possible, some means of conveying this letter to Mr. Wilson, and to inform all unarmed inhabitants that the Union forces designed them no injury. He was also particularly instructed to state the ravages at Beaufort were the work of the blacks, and quite as much regretted, by the Unionists as they could be by the South Carolinians; that we had taken every means to interrupt them in our power, but as we had not occupied Beaufort, could not fairly be held responsible for pillage. Continuance.

their co[illegible] two gentlemen rode for about eight miles without meeting any white person; the houses were all out [illegible] apparently not pillaged, and the blacks deserted, but apparently at work in the fields. Toward whom they saw [illegible] within about two miles (so the noon, having arrived [illegible] Gardner's Corner, a place negroes assured them) [illegible] on the Port Royal River, opposite Port Royal Ferry, [illegible] by rebel troops, they and which is said to be occupied [illegible] back. Hailing him, came up with a white man on horseback, who stop, but finally he at first appeared unwilling to [illegible] He was the allowed them to enter into conversation. [illegible] seemed unwilling. Rev. Mr. Walker, also of Beaufort. He seemed to take ling to have anything to do with them; refused to the the proclamation; misinformed them in regard [illegible] while road, and was altogether churlish in behavior. [illegible] in his company, they saw two persons advancing foot, and bearing a flag of truce. These proved to be two officers of the rebel force at Gardner's Corner—Capt. T. O. Barnwell and Lieut. H. McKee. They were evidently gentlemen, and behaved with great courtesy, having been sent out to ascertain the vicinity of the flag of truce. Lieut. Wagner had no absolute business with them, but an interview of half an hour or so took place, at which the clergyman was present. The officers admitted that the depredations on Beaufort were the work of the blacks, and entirely exculpated our force from any complicity; this was admitted also by Mr. Walker. It was accounted for by the anxiety of the blacks to preserve the property from falling into the hands of the Union troops. The blacks were very much pitied by these officers, on account of the apprehensions the poor creatures entertain of the Northerners. The rebels greatly regretted being obliged to leave on that account. As for the capture of Beaufort, those little mud forts, of course, could not expect to cope with our navy, but on land they were prepared to meet us. There were no citizens that we should call loyal in South Carolina, so there was no one to whom the proclamation could be addressed. They did not object to its reception by Mr. Walker, and that gentleman finally consented to carry the proclamation, under cover, to Mr. Wilson; he also consented to carry Gen. Sherman's letter to that clergyman. A letter from one of the prisoners taken by us on the 7th to his wife was also given by Lieut. Wagner to the rebel officers. So the principal object of the errand was accomplished; the proclamation put into the way of being seen, and the fact of our being unconcerned in the Beaufort plundering definitely announced and admitted. No invitation was extended to Lieut. Wagner to proceed further, and going under a flag of truce he could not ask any permission. He was courteously directed on his return route, and assured that his flag would be respected. A copy of his letter of credence was taken. Just at the close of the interview the Major commanding the port came up, and was civil. On their return the party met a squad of secession cavalry, who gave them fodder for their horses, and one of whom lunched with them. No other adventure marked their return."

So much for the effort to coax the "proud and hospitable" *white* people of South Carolina back into the Union by promises to protect slavery. If Gen. Sherman will address himself to the laboring population of South Carolina, promising to protect *their* rights upon the condition that they shall fight in defence of the Union, he will meet with better success.

Eastern Shore of Virginia.

The government has sent a force of 4,000 or 5,000 troops to Accomac County, Eastern Shore of Virginia, before which the rebels are said to have dispersed. Gen. Dix sent a proclamation in advance, from which this is an extract:

"The military force of the United States are about to enter your Counties as a part of the Union. They will go among you as friends, and with the earnest hope that they may not by your own acts be forced to become your enemies. They will invade no rights of person or property; on the contrary, *your laws, your institutions, your usages*, will be *scrupulously respected*. There need be no fear that the quietude of any fireside will be disturbed, unless the disturbance is caused by yourselves. *Special directions have been given not to interfere with the condition of any persons held to domestic service, and in order that there may be no ground for mistake or pretext for misrepresentation, commanders of regiments and corps have been instructed not to permit any such persons to come within their lines.*"

The Pikeville Fight.

Later advices compress the Pikeville fight into a comparatively insignificant affair. It is now said that our force attacked 1,000 rebels, killed 80 or 90, and took 50 prisoners. The rest of the rebels ran, Col. Williams leading off in the race. Our loss is stated to be 15 killed and 30 wounded. The dispatch claims to be trustworthy; and so did all those before published.

Summary.

H. ROWAN HELPER, of North Carolina, author of the "Impending Crisis," has been appointed Consul to Buenos Ayres.

THE Charleston *Mercury* says that "it is better for South Carolina to be the cemetery of freemen than the home of slaves." That opinion is gaining ground in these parts.—*Providence Journal.*

WE learn from Boston that a secessionist lately arrested there had in his possession a letter from Wm. L. Yancey, now in England, to his son in Alabama, speaking despairingly of the prospect for the recognition of the rebel Confederacy by England.

ARRIVAL OF "CONTRABANDS" IN PHILADELPHIA.—*Philadelphia, Wednesday, Nov.* 13.—Thirty-seven contraband negroes came to this city during Tuesday night, having walked northward from Accomac County, on the peninsula, Virginia. They were supplied with money by the Wisconsin troops. A number of these people are constantly arriving, which has stimulated a public meeting to be held next week to assist them.

SHARP, BUT RIGHT.—The Federal judges at Wheeling, Virginia, deal with the rebels in the most summary manner. If a secessionist desires to take the oath of allegiance, he is permitted to do so, but is not allowed to run immediately afterwards. On the contrary, heavy bail is required, and the individual is required to report himself every twenty days to the commandants of the nearest military post. In this way they are effectually prevented from going back to their rebel friends.

REV. WM. S. BALCH, of Ludlow, has introduced a bill into the Vermont Legislature which confiscates all intoxicating liquors brought into the State of Vermont. All packages of liquor found in the hands of railroad corporations, or other common carriers, are to be seized by the government. If pure, it goes to town agents, if impure, it is destroyed. This is the most stringent prohibitory law ever introduced, and there is a prospect of its being passed.

PANIC IN RICHMOND.—John E. Udey, of North Carolina, a British subject, was brought here on the Coeur De Lion. He obtained a pass at Richmond from the British Consul, and reached Mathias Point from Fredericksburg. He represents the citizens of Richmond to be in a great fright at the success of our navy at Beaufort. He was sent here by Gov. Reeder of North Carolina to obtain two sons by the first marriage of the late Judge Douglas, and carry them South to prevent their property, valued at half a million dollars, from being confiscated.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

THE STATE OF KANAWHA.—The ordinance for dividing the Old Commonwealth of Virginia, and erecting a new State of the Counties west of the Alleghany Mountains, has been adopted by the voters by a majority of nearly, if not quite, one hundred to one, and a new Convention, the members of which have just been chosen, will assemble at Wheeling on the 26th inst., to ratify the action of the people. The new State will be called Kanawha, and will embrace 39 Counties, containing a population of 282,000, including about 8,000 slaves.

BARNUM is said to be on the track of "THE ONLY WHITE MAN, AND HE DRUNK," whom Uncle Sam's boys found in Beaufort. If that sublime and beautiful "secesh" did not or could not exercise his powers of propulsion there, the great showman thinks he would run like wildfire at the Museum here—and hence, with characteristic enterprise, a special effort is to be made to get the rebel to consent to an engagement along with the What Is It, the Hippopotamus, etc.

GEN STONE.—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* comments bitterly on the conduct of Gen. Stone. "He is known to be in high favor with the Maryland Secessionists. These fellows express the greatest confidence in Gen. Stone; and why shouldn't they? He orders the troops under his command to obey and observe the laws of Maryland, which forbid the harboring of fugitive slaves, etc.; protects known traitors who have been arrested by subordinate officers for making signals to the enemy, and when brought before him have been discharged, with a reprimand to the officers making such arrests; sends back all negroes found in the camps to whoever claims them; and to crown his recommendations to their favor, has needlessly, foolishly, criminally, ordered our Massachusetts troops to unavailing slaughter."

AN INCIDENT.—*New York, Nov.* 4, 1861.—*To the Editors of The Independent.*—An incident occurred in a

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
And folded wings and noiseless tread,
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
And lips of blessing not command,
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace,
"Is there no respite?—no release?—
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

"Oh Lord, how long!—One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

"Oh brother! if thine eye can see,
Tell how and when the end shall be,
What hope remains for thee or me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
I watch a vague and aimless fight,
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
One guards through love his ghastly throne,
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
By open foes or those afraid
To speed thy coming through my aid?

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
I shake the dust against them all,
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay!" Peace implored; "yet longer wait;
The doom is near, the stake is great;
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
Where I with folded wings of prayer
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Hung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"

—*Independent.*

LIGHT ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

[The friends of freedom in the United States are deeply indebted to WILLIAM E. FORSTER, Esq., M.P., for his efforts to enlighten the people of Great Britain in respect to "The Civil War in America," its causes and issues, and especially its relations to slavery. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, he delivered a lecture before a large audience assembled in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institute at Bradford—a lecture which evinced a careful study of the subject in all its aspects, accurate knowledge in respect to the U. S. Constitution and the political history of our country, and an intimate acquaintance with all the phases of the anti-slavery struggle. Indeed, if he had lived in the United States for the last twenty-five years, he could hardly have set the question in a clearer light before an English audience. If our columns were less crowded, we would print the lecture in full; but this is the less needful, inasmuch as Mr. Forster necessarily presents facts and arguments quite familiar to our readers, though indispensable to the enlightenment of the people on the other side of the Atlantic. We must make room for an extract.—*Ed. Standard.*]

MR. FORSTER said that the title of his lecture was "The Civil War in America," and he believed that it would be very difficult to find a more interesting subject. This terrible and calamitous war was like no war that had been engaged in for a long period. It was almost like a civil war in England itself. The nation engaged in it was formed of people of a common blood, a common language, and common feelings with ourselves, and there was hardly a street in the town, or a village in Yorkshire in which there were not persons very directly interested in it from the residence in America of some member of their families. Some of the large towns in this country, which were materially interested in the peace and welfare of the United States, had been most grievously affected by war. Indeed, there was no large town or manufacturing place which was no very considerably the worse off for it—and the neighboring County of Lancashire might be instanced as suffering most serious inconvenience and anxiety on account of it by being deprived of its supply of cotton and the worsted district of Yorkshire by being deprived of a market for its manufactured goods. But if the present struggle in America had been a war amongst people of a totally different language to our own, it would still have been a war of intense interest to us in England, because it arose from the difficulty of solving the problem whether Christian and civilized men could keep millions of their fellow-creatures in bondage—more particularly when those men were not in a distant country, but living amongst them—in their very homesteads, as it were, and keep them as slaves and treat them as though they were beasts. In considering the character of the war, it would occur to them that they had often heard it in the newspapers described as being a causeless, as well as a terrible and calamitous war—necessarily calamitous where the conflict existed amongst such a race of strong passions and fierce, resolute wills as any Anglo-Saxon race must have. One half of that race had gone on in their endeavors to increase the evil of slavery, and the other half had connived at their doing so, and it was but proper, as we found ourselves suffering also, that we should remember that it was our common ancestors who left the legacy of slavery to them; nor ought we to complain that we were in a measure suffering from it (cheers). But it was not a causeless war. He would show that it was the natural course of an evil which had been born with their Commonwealth and had grown up with it. To those who had watched the progress of events upon that American continent, it appeared absurdly unnecessary, nay, even puerile, to state that any other cause than slavery could be assigned for the civil war in America when we had all along wondered how it could go on without a convulsion.

* * * * * * * * *

For a short time it appeared as if the South might succeed. The first effect was staggering to the North, that they could not believe that such a terrible struggle was at hand; and it appeared, too, as if the North were going to allow the South to go on without interference. Then, of course, if the South were recognized by the North, England must recognize them as well, and thus it seemed as if we were going to abet the conspiracy. Therefore, terrible as the war was, he rejoiced at the time, and he rejoiced still, that there had been such a general uprising of the people of the North on the attack on Fort Sumter; and he rejoiced the more that if the South had ever indulged the dream of establishing a great slave State, on the dissolution of the Union, the rising of the North as one man had, at least, rendered that dream impossible, whatever else might happen (loud applause). They would most likely be surprised at the immediate change after the attack on Fort Sumter; he could not say that he was. There was a deal of what the Americans called "bunkum" upon that continent. It required facts to convince them, and it was not until a rupture took place that they could be conscious that the talk was not merely the old cry of "wolf," and that the South was in revolt (cheers). He had himself wondered how long the men in the North would allow their Senators to be knocked down, and that no man in the South should speak or be supposed to think of abolition without danger. He saw that there was a large party in the North which no insult or outrage seemed to be capable of rousing to a vindication of their rights, but there was amongst them a deep love of the Union, and a patriotic feeling throughout the free States. They loved their country; they took great pride in it as a great and glorious Commonwealth, they felt its immense advantage in affording protection to the various States in their enterprises with each other, and also that they were not obliged to maintain large standing armies and navies, to preserve the balance of power, which would necessarily be the case so soon as they became separate States. Therefore, they were proud of their Union, and determined to maintain it as long as possible, and were prepared to make almost any sacrifice for that purpose. The Southern minority, however, declared that they would no longer submit to the ruling of the majority, and it was then that all parties in the North—Democrats and Republicans—became united on the great issue before them. When the North had made every sacrifice possible, the greatest advocates for concessions became the most energetic in prosecuting the war, when it became inevitable. There was a great difference in manner and feeling in the North and in the South, and of this De Tocqueville, one of the most extraordinary modern prophets, had said that the great danger of dissolution arose from this difference. De Tocqueville said, "The American of the South is haughty, prompt, irascible, violent, ardent in desire, impatient of obstacles, but easily discouraged if he does not triumph at the first blow." On the contrary, "The American of the North is patient, thoughtful, tolerant, slow to act, and persevering in his designs" (cheers). They would already have seen that the result in this war was that the South were fighting for the extension and perpetuation of slavery: they could not get it in the Union, so they determined to get it out of the Union. On the other hand, the North were fighting for the restoration of the Union, and for the power to treat the question as originally intended by the Constitution. Therefore, the South appeared in the fight to be much more pro-slavery than the North were anti-slavery; but he hoped to show that in fact the North were fighting as much against slavery as the South were fighting for it. For if the South succeeded, they would establish a powerful Commonwealth such as he had described; while, if they failed, slavery would receive a blow from which it could not, in all probability, recover. So that, whereas the effort to limit slavery had been the reason why the slaveowners had revolted, inasmuch as the existence of slavery had been the reason why the political differences had been aggravated into a war, inasmuch as the existence of slavery, he believed, depended upon the result of this war, he must acknowledge he had wished success to the North, and he wished success to them as long as the war lasted; and he wished no success to the South because he loved freedom and hated slavery (immense cheering). But they would perhaps say, "Why do not the men of the North let the South go, without the danger and sin of being partners with slaveholders any longer? Why not let them go, and put an end to the war?" To answer this it was necessary that we should consider ourselves in the position occupied by the men of the North, and if he were there he should have a doubt whether he did not owe a duty to four million of black citizens down in the South, and he should have a doubt whether he ought to resign that number of colored men to their masters. He should also doubt whether he would let the Union be dissolved without an effort to free those men, and stop the contemplated extension of the slaveowners. If the Southerners had gone constitutionally to work, and the dispute had been settled constitutionally, it would have been a different matter; but after the illegal acts, after the violent conspiracy of the South, were they not called upon to carry on the war? Otherwise they would feel that if they did not hold the slave States together, they would have no assurance that they could keep together the remaining States, and they had no belief whatever in the possibility of a free Union, or confidence in the preservation of peace hereafter (cheers). This was what they thought, and in his opinion they were right. It was this opinion that made him perfectly understand that, however much the war might be lamented, every patriotic Northerner would say, "We will fight it out." Depend upon it this was the instinct of the North. If a peace were concluded simply upon the terms of a free Union, the continuance of that peace would be very doubtful; and when the continual travelling of slaves over the Northerners' land, and the ill-treatment to the Northerners in the South were considered, he questioned whether a peace so concluded would last six months (hear, hear). The instinct of the North was to fight it out, and Gen. McClellan had more men than he knew how to get drilled, and it was not to be supposed that want of money would stop them. Some might think that as suddenly as they had fought, so suddenly would they come to peace. He did not believe it. Money would not be wanted; want of money did not stop men, when their blood was up, so quickly as might be supposed (laughter and cheers). It was dangerous for a man connected with politics to prophesy, but he did nevertheless predict, that if the war should be continued, the North would beat the South (cheers). The North had more money, and a better cause. The affair of the Bull's Run had soon reached us, as we were enabled to know everything that transpired, and a great many things which did not (laughter), but there was a black cloud which veiled the South. The effect of the affair at Bull Run would be such as to prevent the recurrence of another disaster of that nature. It was not imputed that there was any want of bravery, but rather want of discipline on the occasion, and they had since subjected themselves to a severer discipline than would, perhaps, have been imposed in any other country. They had been angry at British ridicule, and at themselves, and it would be a lesson to them in the future. He anticipated that there would, before long, be a great defeat in the South. According to the aspect of affairs, and according to De Tocqueville's estimate of the Northern and Southern character, it appeared to him clear that it stood to reason, that this result should ensue, and he believed it would be shown that the North were the stronger party. But if the South were vanquished, would they be admitted into the Union, or be allowed to form a subordinate republic? The general feeling was the latter, and he was not sure that it was not his. He thought that the North would prefer that they should not enter into partnership again with slaveholders, and they would be perfectly content if they were to hem in and girdle round the beautiful tree (hear, hear). He did not think that the North would stop the war until they had got control of the Mississippi. The South might found an independent slave republic, with the coast line of Florida taken off, as he did not think it likely that Florida would be given up by the North, upon which they had spent something about a hundred million of dollars. But he was, by no means, sure that the result would be the restoration of the Union; he did not expect it, but he did not think it impossible. Suppose the policy was carried out of hoisting the standard of emancipation in the heart of the plantation, the whole of the Southern States would be disorganized, and there could be little question that the men of the South would be glad to get back into the Union. Again, Jefferson Davis and Stephens might be disgraced; the leaders of their party might be killed; and if they were got rid of there might be a reaction, they might be willing to look forward to the ultimate extinction of slavery, and the North would be glad, as they ought to be, of its extinction (hear, hear). It must also be remembered that the struggle would lessen the value of slave labor, and make the slave much less profitable, as Europe bestirred itself to turn to account the fields in India and other places available for cotton (applause). Whether the Union be restored or not, he believed that slavery had received a severe blow, and what might be its death blow, in the stand which the North was taking in fighting for the preservation of the Union, and against slavery. The lecturer then proceeded to state what he considered to be the duty of England in the matter. He impressively urged that in action this country must adopt the principle of absolute non-intervention. We could not interfere for freedom or for the North, and he trusted that nothing would condemn us in the disgrace of interfering for the South. He had confidence that the British would never sell their principles, and violate international law, in an endeavor to get cotton; and he was persuaded that if this were to happen, the North would adopt such a course as would still prevent our obtaining it. Since an early period in his age he (Mr. Forster) had longed for the entire freedom of the slave; men were fighting over the grave of his father, who went out to America to endeavor to reason with the men in authority there, and possibly to ward off the evil which had befallen them; and he trusted most earnestly that the conflict now raging would result in the extinction of slavery. He thought that, in place of treating the struggle with a cold, cynical indifference, the sympathy of Europe ought to go wholly with the North. We ought to make allowances for them in a time of so much calamity; we ought to wish them success, as we wished success to freedom; and trust in the God of justice and of mercy, who, he believed—and he trusted that it was not irreverent to say so—was so shaping this question, terribly as it might seem, as to get rid of this, the greatest curse to a civilized and Christian country.

PUTNAM'S "REBELLION RECORD."

From The Philadelphia Press Oct. 26.

DURING the trial in the United States Circuit Court, which terminated yesterday, in the conviction of William Smith, for piracy, as one of the crew of the Jeff. Davis, a great deal of documentary evidence, to show the reality of secession, was offered in evidence by counsel for the defence—avowedly taken from Frank Moore's *Rebellion Record*, and received by Judges Grier and Cadwalader, who presided. This is a remarkable compliment to the work in question—but not higher than its merits—from the fullness and fairness of its varied information respecting the origin and progress of the rebellion. It is the first time, in legal and literary history, that a book not yet completed has been so stamped with authenticity as to be admitted as evidence in a Court of law, and on a trial for a capital offence. The work is one which, in the daily discharge of our duties, we constantly refer to, with full reliance upon its containing a judicious collection of news, as it occurs; of documentary narratives, and of poetry, rumors, incidents and anecdotes of the war. From the leading journals is carefully culled a great deal of information on both sides. Of this work, the first volume is completed, forming a thick 8vo, with an original Introduction on the Causes of the Struggle, and the great issues before the country, by Edward Everett, a copious index, eleven portraits on steel, a map, and various diagrams. This volume includes the time from December, 1860, to last June.

In Mr. Curtis's interesting biography of, the late Theodore Winthrop, he records of that true patriot and man of genius, "Especially he wished that some competent person would keep a careful record of events as they passed; 'for we are making our history,' he said, 'hand over hand!'" What he desired is now being done by Frank Moore, editor of *The Rebellion Record*. Thanks to his industry in collecting, and judgment in selecting from all reliable sources, here he is putting aside the best materials for the future historian.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little Cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah! cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware:
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

JANE TAYLOR.

SOMETHING ABOUT CONTRABANDS.

From The Evening Post.

THE recent orders of the government in relation to the contraband negroes have set the newspaper correspondents on the track of investigation, and the testimony that they give is quite curious. Their accounts of the condition and sentiments of the blacks in the rebellious regions into which our armies have penetrated confirm the statements recently made by Mr. Pierce in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The negroes at the South, so far from being degraded animals, are shown to be as keenly alive to the events going on about them as the majority of their masters, and quite ready to take their freedom in any way that is presented to them.

Here are some specimens of the evidence:

From a Maryland letter in The Boston Journal.

In a former letter I spoke of the opinion of "my host," that he considered this to be an abolition war. He is not alone in the opinion; for the negroes also look upon it as such. The question arises: How did the negroes form this opinion in regard to it? It is plain that they do not read the papers; neither have they been informed of it by Abolition emissaries. They have formed their opinions either by hearing it discussed by their masters, or by that instinctive feeling which all men have that they are entitled to freedom. Not a few have availed themselves of the commotion of the times, and as riches take to themselves wings, so they have taken to themselves legs, and ran away. Some masters, seeing the storm approaching, sold their slaves last spring. Some, who loved secession more than Union, emigrated to Dixie, leaving their negroes behind, who in turn have emigrated to parts unknown. It is evident that through all this region the people consider that their hold upon human flesh as property is very much weakened, and the negroes are accordingly treated with great kindness. In reality it is weakened. Every negro has heard of the North, but now, with soldiers all over the country, it is certain that they will obtain a definite knowledge of geography. They are becoming restless, and though the soldiers pass on, the influence of their advent will not be lost. The negroes will remember it, especially the young ones, who on some future morning, quite likely, will not answer when the master calls. I do not think that the soldiers encourage the slaves to run away, but it is an inevitable consequence from the occupation of the country by the troops that they should learn more of freedom than they knew before, and it would be strange, indeed, if knowing more they did not feel the kindling desire to make the most of their knowledge.

Letter from Hall's Hill, Virginia, in The Boston Traveller.

When I have been on picket guard I have sometimes had opportunities to visit houses, and have talked with a number of slaves. They all talk in the same way, with slight variations. The following conversation with one that came into our camp a few days since will serve as a specimen of the whole:

"How were you treated, Robert?"

"Pretty well, sar."

"Did your master give you enough to eat and clothe you comfortably?"

"Pretty well, till dis year. Massa hab no money to spend dis year. Don't get many clothes dis year."

"If you had a good master, I suppose you were contented?"

"No, sar."

"Why not, if you had enough to eat and clothes to wear?"

"Cause I want to be *free*."

"You say you have a wife and children, owned by another man; that they are treated well, and you had a chance to see them once a fortnight. If you were all free, how would you manage to support your wife and children?"

His eyes sparkled, as he answered, "I'd hire a little cabin with a little garden, and keep a pig and a cow. I'd work out by the day, and I could save money. I've got eight dollars now that I laid up dis summer. But if I didn't save a cent, I should feel better to be *free*."

"Can you read and write?"

"No, sar. Massa know we can't read a word; but dis summer he's skeered to hab us see a paper."

"What do the slaves say about this war?"

"Dey tink Lincoln is gwine to free us."

"Where did they hear that?"

"Massa said so, last fall, afore he was President."

"Did you ever hear of John Brown?"

"I did so, sar. Everybody hear 'bout him. Dar was great time when he come to Harper's Ferry. Folks were all skeered to death. Dey went up from all round here to see him hung."

"Do you think he was a good man?"

"Yes, sar, a mighty fine man."

Letter from Nolin, Kentucky, in The Cincinnati Gazette.

A batch of eight slaves arrived in camp yesterday, from the Green River country or beyond. The party, with one or two who had been here before, were all turned over to the Provost-Marshal, who is as yet sorely puzzled to know what to do with them. If our Administration were not sometimes in the habit of having two or three different policies on the same subject, in operation in different parts of the country at the same time, there could be no hesitation. Secretary Cameron's recent instructions to Gen. Sherman would seem to leave no doubt that the negroes are to be set to work whenever they come to camp.

It is interesting to notice the terror the arrival of these slaves strikes into the secessionists and semi-secessionists of the country. So long as the army was occupied half the time in defending itself against the rebels, the other half in guarding and returning the rebels' property to them, treason was rather a safe and pleasant game to play at. Now, when the idea begins to be hinted that while rebels are doing their utmost to destroy the government, they need not in the meantime expect the government to keep zealous watch over their property for them, they are horror-struck alike at the audacity of this Abolition Administration, and at the mortal dangers which it threatens. Hitherto rebellion has been a pastime; a common sense treatment of this contraband question will soon teach the lesson that rebellion is but a synonym for beggary; and the number of "ardent sons of the South who are eager to battle for their rights" will be wonderfully diminished.

Letter from Paducah, Kentucky, in The Chicago Tribune.

A few days ago there was a "scene" at Gen. Paine's headquarters worth describing. Some time previous a black woman, accompanied by a child, came to the General's quarters, desiring protection; and in reply to the question "if she were a slave," stated that she was not, and that her free papers were at Clarksville, Tenn. She was employed to assist in the housework, which she continued to do up to the time we mention, when a lady who lived a few miles from town came to the headquarters and inquired for Gen. Paine, and on being presented to him as Mrs. F———, asked him if he had "*her nigger*" there. The General, supposing that she meant a negro man for whom unsuccessful search had just been made, replied that he had not. "Why," said she, "haven't you got my nigger woman and child here?" "Negro woman and child," said the General; "perhaps so; come and see." The woman was called and came to the door. "That's the one; she's mine. She left me [at such a time] and stole a horse and a lot of other things, the mean thing," etc., etc., with divers epithets more emphatic than refined. "Stole a horse!" said the General, in a tone of utter amazement. "I don't see how that can be. One piece of property steal another. I've heard of a horse running away with a waggon, and pigs getting into the garden and eating up the potatoes, but I never heard that called stealing." The hit was so palpable that of a room full every one laughed outright, even to the lady's father; but she did not seem to see the joke, and maintained a sour gravity.

A venerable looking gentleman, the lady's father, who was sitting here, spoke up and said: "Daughter, take the oath and be a good loyal woman." But still she hesitated, and thought as she was a woman she ought to have her nigger without taking the oath, when the General assured her that she not only couldn't get the negro without taking the oath, but that if she violated the oath after taking it he would be sure to know it, and that she would in that case not only lose her negro, but whatever property she had beside.

This last correspondent also tells this story:

"The Colonel of the Illinois Ninth has a healthy way of dealing with such cases. He has a hearty contempt for the whole generation of 'nigger-catchers,' as he terms them; and on being accosted by a couple of that stripe who showed him a description of his cook, he cursed them most heartily, and assured them that if they were inside the camp after he had counted three (by which he meant three minutes), he would make his men kick them out, and that if he ever caught them there again he would make his men duck them. A few days afterwards one of his own men came to him and asked for a file of men to arrest two runaway negroes who belonged to his uncle in Missouri, and also for the privilege of keeping them in camp until he could send his uncle word. The Colonel boiled over. He asked him if he thought that he commanded a regiment of nigger-catchers. 'Begone to your quarters,' said the Colonel, 'and let your uncle do his own nigger-catching.'"

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion
Lay dying at Algiers;
There was a lack of woman's nursing,
There was a dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him,
While his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glance,
To hear what he might say:
The dying soldier faltered,
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—
At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,
When they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story,
In the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—
And when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale
Beneath the setting sun:
And 'midst the dead and dying,
Were some grown old in wars—
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts,
The last of many years;
But some were young, and suddenly
Beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons
Shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird
That thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier,
And even when a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell
Of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us
To divide his scanty board,
I let them take whate'er they would—
But kept my father's sword;
And with a boyish love I hung it
Where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—
Calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,
And sob, with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again,
With glad and gallant tread—
But to look upon them proudly,
With calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,
And not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love,
I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly,
Without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place—
My father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—
Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—
In happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment
That sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—
Too fond for idle scorning;
O, friend, I fear the lightest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life
(For ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain,
My soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her and saw
The yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the Blue Rhine sweep along—
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing,
In chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river,
And up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded
Through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me,
As we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore,
And well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly
And confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—
Loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—
His grasp was childish weak—
His eye put on a dying look—
He sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him,
But the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion
In a foreign land was dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly,
And calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field
With bloody corpses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene
Her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—
Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

MRS. NORTON.

HOW TO THINK, WRITE, AND SPEAK WELL.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

Editor of Banner of Light:

ENCLOSED is a copy of a letter from that brave man, Theodore Parker. I believe it has never before appeared in print. He addresses me as a minister, but the excellent hints are equally useful to an occasional lecturer, in which capacity I have acted for many years. Yours, truly, HORACE A. KEACH.

Mapleville, R. I., Aug. 5, 1861.

BROOKLINE, NEAR BOSTON, Sept. 3d, 1861.

DEAR SIR: You ask how you can acquire an impressive mode of delivery. That will depend on qualities that lie a good deal deeper than the surface. It seems to me to depend on vigorous thinking in the first place, then on clearness of statement in the next place, and finally on a vigorous and natural mode of speech. Vigorous feeling and thinking depend on the original talent a man is born with, and on the education he acquires, or his daily habits. No man can ever be *permanently* an impressive speaker without first being a man of superior sentiments or superior ideas. Sometimes mere emotion (feeling) impresses, but it soon wearies. Seperiority of ideas always commands attention and respect. The habit of thought is easily formed; you doubtless know the way to attain that as well as I can tell you: one help to it is the habit of reading hard philosophical books, and giving an account of them to yourself. Bishop Butler is a good man to try upon, so are Lord Bacon, Hooker, Scott, Clark, Hobbes, and any of the great masters of thought. The philosophers are generally the best reading for ministers. So much for the habit of thought. I need not speak of the mode of cultivating the feelings—either such as relate to finite objects or the "feelings infinite" which relate to God.

We refer to the clearness of statement. If you have something to say, a good deal of your success will depend on the amount of the matter. It is a good plan to put the least important first, and the most important last of all. Thus there is a continual ascension and progress of thought. The speaker runs up hill, and takes his hearer to higher ground at every step. In the expression of the thought, the *shortest* way is generally best, and it is better to state one thing once, and no more; the good marksman hits the mark at the first shot, and then puts up his piece, the bungler misses it, and blazes away the second and third time. Things well known require no illustration, except for beauty and the delight it gives; things new or abstruse, and hard to grasp, require illustrative figures, etc. It is better to use definite than indefinite terms, to say a *man*, and not an *individual* or a *human being*. I love specific terms, such as Thomas or Ellen, and a *man* or *woman*.

It is a good plan before writing anything to think over the subject, and see what you know about it, then to make a plan of your work, putting down the points you intend to make in their order, and under them the propositions, the proofs, illustrations, facts, etc. Time spent in the plan is time saved in filling it up. Then in writing—a tired man cannot write so well as a man not tired; a sleepy man, an unwilling man, cannot write well—he will have sleepy readers (or hearers), and unwilling ones. Good, plain words are commonly the best, not fustic and yet not mere *literary* and dictionary words; the language should be chaste, and not vulgar.

In the mode of delivery—there is little difficulty. If you have felt with vigor, and thought with vigor, you will write so too, and must speak with vigor. The best way that I know is to speak *distinctly* and in the *natural tones of voice*—in the tones of conversation as far as possible. In most (country) churches, we need not speak above the natural tones of voice in order to be heard. It is a great help to be familiar with your manuscript. A man that never lifts his nose from his notes cannot interest an audience much. About gestures—I cannot give much advice—to some men they are natural and useful; to others, not at all. Nature is the guide. Commonly the gesture ought to precede the word it is to illustrate. "Look there!" says a little boy, and points to the sun. But he begins to point before he begins to speak: such is the method of nature.

You will see that I find the chief helps to an impressive mode of speech in the man, and not out of him. There are no tricks in real eloquence; they belong to the stage, not the pulpit—nay, only the low practice of the stage. The best books that I know are Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric and Whately's Rhetoric. Maury, Part 1st, Eloquence, is good. It is well to read the works of great orators (Webster, the greatest master of orators in the world), Burke, North, Taylor, etc. The arguments of lawyers will help you much; you will find them in celebrated trials, in "State trials," for example—those from the time of James I. to James II. are full of such things as I refer to. The study of poets is a great help, both to the thought and the form of expression. Shakspeare is a valuable ally. If you read Greek easily—then Homer and Æschylus will help you much. But a personal acquaintance with the Bible will be of incalculable aid. No book will so help the development of the religious feelings, no poetry; then it is a great mine of illustration, because it is the only book that is known to everybody. You see how Jesus illustrates his great truths by reference to common things before the eyes of the public, and to the common events of the day. I have written to you a very long letter. THEODORE PARKER.

*THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA.**

From The N. Y. Times.

THIRTEEN of the sixteen volumes of which *The New American Cyclopædia* is to consist have already appeared, and the three concluding volumes, we understand, are in rapid progress toward completion. We have, therefore, the means of forming a full and accurate judgment of a work which, from its magnitude, and from the eminence of the writers who have contributed to its pages, if for no other reasons, must long occupy a conspicuous position in American literature. Of its magnitude some idea may be formed, when we state that the total number of pages will not be far from twelve thousand, and that each of these pages contains as many words as four pages of the common run of books. The sixteen volumes of *The Cyclopædia*, therefore, will equal, in bulk of matter, about two hundred ordinary duodecimos.

Among the men who have written this vast mass of learning are George Bancroft, J. S. Black, the late Attorney General of the United States, Brown-Sequard, the eminent physiologist, George Bush, John Esten Cooke, G. W. Curtis, R. H. Dana, Jr., R. W. Emerson, Edward Everett, C. C. Felton, Parke Godwin, Horace Greeley, G. W. Greene, Prof. Henry, Count Gurowski, H. W. Herbert, Richard Hildreth, G. S. Hillard, Prof. Kendrick, C. G. Leland, J. R. Lowell, F. L. Olmsted, Theophilus Parsons, W. H. Seward, W. Gilmore Sims, Rev. Dr. Sprague, H. T. Tuckerman and E. P. Whipple. These names alone are sufficient to show that the task has not been intrusted to incompetent persons, and though it is doubtless true that the principal part of the work has been done by less known writers, the remarkable uniformity of the style, which nowhere falls below the level of correct and elegant English, proves conclusively to the critical eye the unusual skill and care of the hands through which it has passed. Wherever the nature of the subject admits of it, the language rises to the highest standard of classical composition, especially in the biographies, many of which are remarkable for their grace and vigor.

Apart from the authority of mere names, however, *The New American Cyclopædia* has several distinct claims to public favor, among the chief of which we may enumerate these:

1. It is distinguished by the number of its articles, and by the insertion of a multitude of names not found in any similar work, because no similar work approaches so nearly as this does to our own day. The most recent events, the newest men and women, and the freshest statistics are found here, while every other Cyclopædia is, except in rare cases, always several years behind the times. But though the number of articles is thus surprisingly great—we believe not less than forty thousand—the judgment and vigilance with which superfluous expressions have been retrenched by the editors renders the work a model of compactness and condensation. At the same time the most lucid order and method pervades the volumes. Nothing is stated loosely or at random. Every page shows a nice regard to systematic arrangement, by which the information to be given is presented in a form at once attractive and convenient to the reader. Unwearied vigilance has been evidently exercised to verify contested dates and to reconcile conflicting statements, where reconciliation was possible.

2. Another feature of the work is the extent and breadth of its treatment of scientific subjects. A large space is given to articles in natural history, physiology, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, technology, and the useful application of science to the arts of life. Those articles are from the pens of experts in every department, and, in many instances, from eminent authorities in the scientific world, and they are marked by thoroughness and newness of information, clearness of statement, and beauty and vivacity of style.

3. The biographical department of the work has received the special attention of the editors, and comprises full and brilliant sketches of all the leading characters in history, and of persons distinguished in science, art, literature, and professional and practical life. A peculiarly valuable feature is the introduction of living characters, especially in our own country, many of whom can be found in no other publication, but have been prepared expressly for this Cyclopædia from original sources. These sketches of cotemporaries, the true men and women of our times, are written, as a general rule, with singular accuracy, discretion, and good taste.

4. The sketches of the principal religious denominations, by their completeness and impartiality, present a striking contrast to those of most works of reference, especially in the English language. The different sects have been allowed, in nearly every case, to make their own statement of their doctrines, so that none can complain of being unfairly or inadequately represented.

A work of this vast and varied nature, embracing every topic that interests or has interested the human mind from the remotest ages to the present time, and comprising all the leading facts of history and details of science and art, cannot, of course, be exempt from imperfections and errors. No care, no intelligence short of omniscience could render it absolutely perfect. All who have critically examined the standard Cyclopædias whether in English, French, or German, must be aware that they abound in mistakes and deficiencies. *The New American Cyclopædia* cannot be presumed to be so fortunate as to have escaped the fate of its predecessors, or to have avoided the defects which are incident to every human production. But so rigid has been the supervision, so thorough and conscientious has been the correction of this work, that we can say with confidence, after the fullest and most faithful comparison, that no work of the kind in any language approaches *The New American Cyclopædia* in accuracy and impartiality. Others may surpass it in bulk, and in fullness of treatment of a few special subjects, but for general usefulness, and especially to American students, it is altogether without a rival.

* Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vols. 1 to 13. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The gentleman, in offering his respect to others, offers an equal, or rather the same, respect to himself; and his courtesies may flow without stint or jealous reckoning, because they feed their source, being not an expenditure, but a circulation. Submitting to the inward law of honor and the free sense of what befits a man, to a law perpetually made and spontaneously executed in his own bosom, the instant flowering of his own soul—he commands his own obedience, and he obeys his own commanding. Though thrones above all nations, a king of kings, yet the faithful, humble vassal of his own heart; though he serve, yet regal, doing imperial service; he escapes outward constraint by inward anticipation; and all that could be rightly named as his duty to others, he has, ere demand, already discovered and engaged in, as part of his duty to himself.—*Rev. D. A. Wasson.*

ELOQUENCE is to be attained by the full culture, the general enriching, of the heart and mind. An enlarged spirit, which has reached grand convictions, will utter itself with a commanding style. There is never true eloquence, except when great principles and sentiments have entered into the substance of the soul and become incorporated with the whole being.—*Channing.*

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